A Quarterly of New Literature

ACCENT

John Dos Passos: *The Very Slaughter of the Witnesses*

Doris Benardete: *The Golden Harp*

Wallace Stevens: *The News and the Weather*

Edwin Berry Burgum: *Into the Night: Proust's Account of the Fall of French Civilization*

AMERICAN POETRY: 1930-1940
A bibliography compiled by the editors with the help of R. P. Blackmur, Horace Gregory, John Holmes, and M. D. Zabel

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SUMMER, 1941

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ACCENT

A QUARTERLY OF NEW LITERATURE

Volume 1, Number 4 Summer, 1941

WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK:

Why Don't You Look Where You're Going?

White as a sainted leviathan, but too huge for even God to have imagined it, the liner played eastward easily. It swam at a much greater speed than appeared, for it was alone in open ocean, and there were only the waves to pass.

Everyone on board was comfortable, even satisfied. The sea was a light summer one, still blue although the sun was far gone toward the mountain range of fog on the horizon astern. Its swelling, and the rippling of the swells, could not give the slightest motion to the vessel, whose long hulk glanced through it as through warm and even air. The sense of well-being in the passengers was made firm by the knowledge that their fate was someone else's responsibility for the next three days. There was nothing an ordinary mortal could do about a ship like this; it was as far out of his realm as the mechanics of heaven. He could talk about it, as he might about one of the farther galaxies, in order to experience the almost extinct pleasure of awe, but he could not do anything about it, and what was even more comfortable, he could not be expected to do anything about it.

Even the crew shared this un-Olympian calm, for the liner was a self-sufficient creature who, once put upon her course, pursued it independently, with gently rhythmic joy. The wheel took care of itself, the fuel sped upon quick wires, the warm and supple steel joints rose and fell, self-oiled to perfect limberness. More like a white Utopian city than any the earth will ever bear, she parted the subservient waters and proceeded.

A school of flying fish, which looked like dragon-flies from the upland deck, broke water an instant and fled back, no more than a brief proof of the pace of the liner.

The tall man in the gray top-coat stopped his circumambulation and peered towards the smoke of dusk rising out of the ocean. The woman in white flannel paused impatiently beyond him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"What?"

"There, ahead. No, a little more to the right. Like a log or something. See?"

"No."

"Well, look. There." He leaned over the rail and pointed.

"No. Oh, yes. Seaweed, I suppose."

"No, that wouldn't show; not so far. It sticks up."

The man's gesture drew other passengers to the rail. A boy in a white jacket was moving through them, clinking a musical triangle and intoning, "First call to dinner; first call to dinner," but they were impressed by the pointing finger and remained at the rail.

"What is it?" asked the stout, moustached man in linen knickers.

"I don't know," said the tall man, not looking around because his discovery was so small on the darkening sea.

"There's something, though," he added, and pointed again.

The passengers also leaned over, and peered hopefully. Those too far along to have heard the tall man's explanation looked at the sea vaguely, then at the people who were nearer the tall man, then at the sea again.

"He says there's something," the fat man informed them.

Then, "Oh, yes, I see it now." He pointed also. "There. See it? Still too far away to tell what it is, though." He appeared to think for a minute, and produced an original idea.

"We ought to pass it pretty close," he said, protruding his lower lip and puckering his mouth as a sign that he was considering carefully. "Pretty close, I should say, as we're going now."

The passengers exclaimed gratefully, and were able to look intelligent when they returned to peering. They felt better. Anybody could see by their backs that they felt better; much more decisive. As landsmen they were grateful for the discovery. Other walkers, coming to the side of the vessel, asked questions, and were almost told what the fat man had said. But there was never any citation of authority, or any admission of the pioneering of the tall man. The reputation for discovery was not easy to abandon.

The late comers remained until the entire rail was lined, and the number of the gathering excited each individual in it; the expected event attained mythological proportions.

This scene was re-enacted on the other three decks, although the watchers were fewer because the decks were closed and all the watching

had to be done from port-holes. Children jumped up and down behind their parents, inquiring in exasperated crescendos. Occasionally a beleaguered father or mother offered an unsatisfactory explanation, or held a child up to see that there was only water. The entire starboard wall of the gliding city was crowded with curious people, and their curiosity was toughened by the desire to be first in stating the nature of the discovery. Since the discovery had already been made, it was now accounted common property, and recognition of the object seemed more important. The first idle speculation died, as meriting scorn; most of the watchers were quiet and intent.

The young man with the fine blond hair left the rail and returned almost at once with a victorious air and a pair of binoculars. These he fixed to his eyes, turned upon the focal point, and began to manipulate with nimble fingers. At once others whose cabins were close also got binoculars. They appeared determined, as if to say the original inspiration was not what mattered here, but the use made of it. Those who either had no binoculars or had to go too far to get them divided their attention between the ocean off the starboard bow and the blond young man, who had taken on the shining aspect of the clairvoyant. They watched his face minutely for signs of recognition, and were affected by his slightest movement. He bore their worship grandly, almost with an air of not suspecting it.

"What is it?" they asked.

"I can't make out yet." He continued to adjust the binoculars.

When he ceased fingering and held the glass steadily, they asked again, "What is it?" and "Can you see it now?"

"Yes," he said, "I think I can." But he withheld the information, as one who will not be pressed into a hasty, and therefore possibly erroneous, conclusion. He fingered the binoculars just the perfect trifle more. Even the tall man in the gray coat abandoned his scrutiny and turned a tanned and bony face, drawn by staring, towards the blond young man.

The object was now close enough so that its location could be clearly marked by everyone at the moments when it appeared on the crest of a billow and balanced before beginning the long, gentle descent into the concealing trough. It might have been a great, triangular fin if it had been much closer.

"Whatever it is, it had better look out. We're going right for it."

The fat man's suggestion that it might be a portion of the superstructure of a derelict caused a pleasant worry.

"I've heard," said a man with spectacles and a chequered cap over a big nose, "I've heard they're often heavy enough below water to sink a good large boat." He spoke with quiet joy.

The tall man, who had been thinking about the fat man's suggestion, snorted.

"What part?" he challenged.

But although the fat man was not insensible of the challenge it was neglected because the blond young man had become signally rigid behind his binoculars.

He overplayed his pause, however, and a square, masculine young woman said factually and loudly, "It's a boat," and held her glasses a moment longer before lowering them to accept adulation in person.

"Yes," admitted the young man, "I was just going to say it's a boat." He added, "That thing that sticks up is a sail, a kind of triangular sail," and felt that this remark justified his lowering his glasses also, and looking around.

By now the boat was near enough so that the pace of the liner made it appear to draw nearer very rapidly. Since it was known to be a boat, and everyone could see it lay directly in the path of the liner, the guesses about what a small boat could be doing in mid-ocean gave way to irritation because it was doing nothing to save itself.

"We'd make matchwood of it," stated the fat man angrily.

"It would go to the bottom," declared the young man violently, "to the bottom, like a plummet."

The masculine young lady disagreed. "Not to the bottom; it would reach a level of suspension much sooner. The water is over three thousand feet deep here." And the passengers rebuked her heartlessness with silence.

"Well, I do wish he'd wake up. I wish he'd get out of the way," complained the matron whose twin six-year-olds were extending her by their attempts to peer over and under the rail. The passengers warmed to her humanity, and understanding that the young woman was quelled, all leaned over the rail and stared ahead anxiously.

High overhead the whistle of the liner hissed and squealed abortively, and then settled into a long, mournful, gigantic moo.

Immediately a man appeared in the small boat. The liner was so close upon him that the passengers could see him look up startled. He became very active. He leaned over, stood up, disappeared behind the box-like cabin, and reappeared almost at once. He was working rapidly with his hands, glancing up frequently without stopping his work. The passengers knew he was frightened. Then the triangular sail swung across the box-like cabin, slatted idly, two, three, four times, and slowly filled out like a breathing chest. The man, energetic as a jumping-jack, worked at the rail for an instant, then threw himself aft, slipped the noose from the tiller, and projected himself, chest and shoulders, against the bar. The sail flapped limp again, but only once, and suddenly drew a deep breath. The little boat heeled over till it was nearly awash, slithered along at a dog-walk during the ascent of one billow, then perfectly bit in and skittered off towards safety.

Four times the height of his sail above him, the bow of the liner passed over the tiny man in his cockpit, and left him valiantly awash,

bobbing under four, three-hundred-foot tiers of fascinated eyes. They could see that he had no hat, that he wore a black beard, and that his pants were held up by a knotted rope. He braced the tiller with a knee, and raising both fists over his head, shook them at the liner. The passengers were immensely relieved. The women laughed, and the men leaned far over the rail to shout at him between cupped hands. They saw that he was shouting also; his mouth was wide open and his teeth showed in his beard. Everyone became silent and listened. But there was such a rush of white water back from the stem, and the wind wuthered so in the railing, that the man appeared to be trying to free his jaw from a cramp, making no sound. He addressed them continuously and energetically, but not until the liner had nearly drawn its whole length by did a wind flaw bring up his voice with an item of his lecture. The passengers aft repeated it with glee; indeed they wriggled with glee at it, their bodies and their faces.

"He said, 'Why don't you look where you're going?' "

Everyone was charmed.

They leaned over farther and farther to watch the little boat as it diminished. Why don't you look where you're going? That was good. That was conceit for you; a man who didn't count himself less than he was worth. "Everybody's out of step but Johnny," sang the young man with the blond hair. He sang it at the man in the little boat, who was obviously too far away to hear, but everybody else appreciated it; they leaned back and looked at the young man with many kinds of grins and smiles to appreciate it, and quickly leaned over the rail again to watch.

The stern of the little boat said to them, 'THE FLYING DUTCHMAN - ROCKPORT - ME.' They became silent, and watched the puppet of a bearded man sit to his tiller and labor earnestly to navigate the wake of the liner. A great many of them unconsciously went farther and farther aft to keep the 'Flying Dutchman' in sight. The stern of the liner was crowded, and all the faces were serious and fixed.

When the little man was far enough astern to feel secure, and had his boat properly angled into the heave of the wake, he underwent a change of heart. The watchers could just see him, yet everybody recognized that he was standing up again, and waving. Every face brightened spontaneously, and the afterdeck blossomed windily with hands, handkerchiefs, hats and caps.

The fat man bellowed astoundingly through the trumpet of his hands, "Good luck, sailor!"

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he repeated gruffly. "Why don't you look where you're going? That's good."

The masculine young lady stood with her hands on the rail and peered wistfully under the Andes of the cloud bank, where the tiny, black triangle of sail was only now and then visible, getting less so.

JOY DAVIDMAN:

Coldwater Canyon

The bird that sang to us some time ago,
blue, seawater blue, kingfisher blue,
has got so draggled in the heavy snow
the glory has gone out of him; still

still he comes crying, still the birdsmouth music
shabbily pipes us out across the winter,
still the blood answers in the heart's pipes,
speaks in the eardrum, tingles in the fingers.

Nevertheless these bones make a sorry show
clattering in the winter wilderness,
walking into sun out of this forest of darkness,
pride for their cover, manskin for their dress;

nor has this life got any use for us;
we are not good servants in our strained clothing;
we are not fit for torches in his house
illuminated with the fire of loving.

Only let nothing cry us up again,
no bird, no honor, no awakening drum;
let us go peaceably among the dead men,
safe into darkness out of the abyss of sun.

Game with Children

Come now, let us be tigers,
let us be tigers walking in the jungle
under the leaves where the green dew lingers
quietly, where nothing comes with guns.

Nothing is strong enough to hurt tigers;
see how they walk, shaking the dew from the leaves;
let us be proud tigers in the cool evening
stepping as softly as a man breathes.

Tigers eat big dinners every day,
after which they always go to sleep
sweetly underneath the shining palm trees.
No one makes a noise to wake them up;
men have no bombs, they have only a spear.
Children, children, let us go away
and be tigers.

Trojan Women

In the smoke and screaming air
they got across the bridges with their children,
carrying their household gods and silverware.
The water boiled with submarines.
and the clouds boiled with planes.

Hurry hurry;
death flows at your heels like a hissing wave
chasing the children up the sand,
times we went to the beach.
Coney Island
was the first place they landed.

Hurry hurry;
don't be looking back over your shoulder
as at the new moon in an empty sky
to make a wish;
or at a man.
It was a sweet place to love a man in,
the city with the lights and movie houses,
two rooms and kitchenette and frigidaire;
that was where we lived and you could see
the empire state building from the bedroom window
with the sun slick on it all the way up.

And just then
the empire state building made a perfect candle
of explosion and illumination
and burst all the way up;
and they looked back
over their hurrying shoulders.

And Troy town
reverberated as the walls came down.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM:

Into the Night:

MARCEL PROUST'S ACCOUNT OF THE COLLAPSE OF FRENCH CIVILIZATION

Proust's theory of the discontinuity of conscious experience has usurped attention in the study of his work. A second and compensatory theory has received little stress beyond the comments of a few critics such as Ramon Fernandez. This is Proust's belief that literary expression remedies the deficiency of ordinary experience by revealing the underlying continuity which otherwise escapes detection. Unfortunately the only continuity of which Proust became aware was the relentless acceleration of cultural decay in his own era. This plunge into decadence, he felt, was generally unrecognized, remained concealed by a shallow optimistic belief in some sort of progress or by an equally shallow contentment with the immediate pleasure. But his own bitter disillusionment of recognition veiled itself in irony, since he sought to believe that he had escaped contamination by the mere fact of discovering and recording its existence. I shall comment upon the impossibility of such an escape, but I am mainly occupied with Proust's description of decadence as the mortal disease of contemporary society.

Proust is for the most part concerned with exhaustive analysis of specific situations. His method is a far cry from the conscious symbolism of such a writer as Thomas Mann. But what in life seems only a specific act with its own complex causation may in the light of later events be taken as representative of a whole series of similar acts. For the most part Proust is symbolic only in this fashion. But occasionally, and especially with regard to the major lines of conflict which form the plot of his novel, the representative element of the specific reference becomes conscious and therefore genuinely symbolic. The titles to the separate volumes, like all good titles, are symbolic summaries of their contents. Two of these titles, Proust himself has admitted, establish the major lines of his plot. Swann's Way and the Guermantes' Way do not merely summarize certain events of childhood recollection. They express also two different but related social attitudes which environment imposed upon the boy and which he sought to utilize later for the guidance of his maturity.

Swann's way, one recalls, was the walk usually chosen. In a climate of frequent showers, it had the advantage of being short and offering the friendly necessary shelter of any number of doorways or church porches. But even in childhood, there was a difference between Proust and the older members of his family. For at one point the walk led past the estate of their wealthy friends, the Swanns. The rest of the family would never

take advantage of the chance to saunter through its pleasant shade because they disapproved of Charles Swann's marriage. But the young Proust took the greater delight in this portion of the walk because he already idolized Charles Swann and his family. If Swann's way was becoming not entirely safe for his conservative relatives, the Guermantes' way was generally avoided for somewhat different reasons. Since it was longer and led into the open country, it called for especially fine weather. It afforded no shelter in case of rain. And yet if they would take the chance and walk far enough, it rewarded them with a glimpse of the famous estate, if not of the actual chateau, of the Guermantes, so remote from their familiar concerns, so aloof from their personal contact, but nevertheless, like the castle in Kafka's novel, indirectly dominant now, as it had been for centuries, over the life and imagination of the town. Swann's way was the possible, the practical; along it one rested within the security of one's class, although the Swann estate itself was beginning to offer embarrassment to the older generation. When the family took the Guermantes' way, however, a passage of imagination was required of all of them, a hazardous venture into the ideal that surely determined the ordinary, but just as surely inhabited an unknown region beyond it, glamorous and unattainable.

For the structure of Proust's novel these two walks are as important as the incident of the madelaine and tea is for his conception of the structure of the human personality. And in a parallel way, the aspect of discontinuity is present in both. If memory is involuntary and the individual life ordinarily a sequence of separate fragmentary impressions, similarly the classes, the major social groups into which society is divided, are, in Proust's conception, fairly absolute barriers, rarely broken through. One of the many sources of his irony is the fact that the novelist is among those who are able to break through and discover the true situation within. Generally, he says, we erect untrue fantasies about matters beyond the experience of the circles to which we belong, and the nature of our fantasy will be largely determined by the limitations of the group experience. Thus Swann, who knows the facts, is continually amused that the height of his mistress's, Odette's, ambition is to be seen alighting from her own carriage at the opera. She thinks, in bourgeois fashion, that this is *le dernier cri* in aristocratic conduct. But Swann, who has mingled with the old aristocracy, knows how they despise these aspirations of the *nouveaux riches* who are incapable of more snobbish, less exhibitionistic satisfactions. Proust comes to share Swann's superior perspective since he too has been able to surmount the usual class restrictions. But he is well aware that he once shared them, and the story of his boyhood at Combray is the record of his period of illusion.

It becomes important, therefore, to examine those partly illusory conceptions of society which his Combray relatives took wholly for truths. They are the particular and immediate meanings of the two walks I have

described. Put bluntly, they comprise that belief in aristocratic domination subscribed to by the old middle class as it existed generally before the French Revolution but as it continues to exist even today in the more conservative backwater regions of France: the bourgeoisie of the old provincial town, still unindustrialized, still dominated by some local family of title. Proust's grandmother illustrates the extreme expression of this attitude in the face of democratic and degenerating tendencies within the aristocracy itself. She carries her old bourgeois acceptance of the social hierarchy to such a pitch that when a nobleman who has too lightly carried his trust salutes her graciously on the street, she snubs him so that he will remember in future his superior position in society. The Guermantes' way still represents the proper governing ideal of society which the old middle class deferentially adopted without understanding, save as it had set up, by influence from above, a definite code of middle class mores. Swann's way, by contrast, as the Prousts take it, is quite frankly and simply this old bourgeois mode of life, thus established in subordination to the aristocracy.

Later, in *The Sweet Cheat Gone,* Proust completes his symbolism by stating that he discovered, after some years of life in Paris, one could reach the objective of the Guermantes' walk via Swann's way, if only one continued long enough and took the right turning. As he escapes provincial limitations, the first lesson the young Proust learns is that this rigid distinction of classes is breaking down. A bourgeois person now, if he has the talent and the income, will take the pleasant walk through the Swann estate and continue, as Charles Swann himself had done, along Swann's way until the chateau of the Guermantes has been reached. His relatives, lacking the initiative to leave the old confines of their class, had assumed that the Swanns, however rich, were still essentially at one with themselves. How incomprehensible, Proust exclaims, would it have been to grandmother that Charles Swann, in Paris, had been able to rise above the social stratum of his birth, and become an intimate of these same Guermantes, so remote in Combray, a member of the Jockey Club (the name or social significance of which they had never even heard), and an authority upon painters they did not know had ever existed. Obviously the older certainties are breaking down. The hierarchy of class distinctions is crumbling. Every theoretical problem the novel raises follows from Proust's discovery that his grandmother's attitudes are out of date. But if Proust became more bitterly cynical, it was that he became less certain they had been wrong.

Experience for Proust only made the paradox the more depressing. It can hardly be described in the familiar terms of personal development from childhood illusions, through the zestful actualities of adolescence, into the worldly acceptances of maturity. It did not provide a passage from the comforts of illusion into the certainties of truth and reality, however apparent the imperfections. For Proust the illusion retained at

least the kernel of the truth. It remained a psychological belief which could not be dissipated despite the fact that he could never either validate or adequately define it. When he had been a boy, the aristocratic ideal had not only been shrouded in the normal inexperience of childhood, but it had suffered the further embarrassment of then existing only through its partial representation in the old bourgeoisie. But when, with maturity, he had enjoyed the privilege of meeting it first hand because of the interest the Guermantes took in him, he only discovered that by this time they had lost contact with it themselves. The ideal became an abstraction which Proust, as representative of these new bourgeois aspirations, could not penetrate because it had become an illusion to those who were supposed to embody it. He had expected to find it substantiated by his mature experience of the world. But the unfolding of the real circumstances of life compelled instead an unbearable increase in morbid pessimism as his recognition grew of the increasing gulf between the actual and the ideal. A man otherwise conditioned might have conceived it possible to look for the embodiment of the ideal elsewhere, in some other section of society. But for Proust it must be an aristocratic ideal or none at all.

When such limitations existed, if life was to continue, some stop had to be put to this accumulating recognition of the nature of actuality. Proust must somehow save both himself and society. After reading Bergson, it became easy for him to save society. Since, for most men, life is a discontinuous succession of immediate impressions, they are not troubled by his problem because they remain unconscious of its existence. As for himself, it turned out, there was both a consolation and an escape. The discrepancy between the ideal and the actual, he concluded, had always existed. From his reading of Saint-Simon, from his comparison of the letters of Mme. de Sévigné and the diaries of the brothers Goncourt, it seemed plausible that the aristocratic ideal had been just as illusory at the time when history assumed it to have been at the peak of its embodiment as he now saw so clearly it was in his own period. Fortunately a satisfactory means of bringing the ideal and the actual together had always existed too. In the cause of his difficulty itself lay the cure. For if his novelist's insight had forced upon him a disillusionment from which most men are free, it had also afforded him a superior form of freedom. To translate life into literature, he now believed, was to use the one method by which the ideal might be brought into a valid relationship with the actual. In the world of fiction, which alone was "real," the ideal ceased to be illusory and the actual could be taken as such; even though the bringing of them together meant the revelation that there is a pattern to life which grotesquely contradicts the ideal. Proust adopted a particular variation of the esthetic of art for art's sake which was dominant at the time, and which is best known to English readers through Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage.*

I have been content to present in this brief way Proust's theory of

fiction because it seems to me that, although dictated by his personal needs, it is not essential to an interpretation of the action of his novel. His action is still grounded in the objective facts. Few of the great decadents of modern fiction, Gide and Thomas Mann no more than Proust, have been able to shake off the influence of the naturalistic tradition. From Flaubert to the present day, our better novelists have been in general agreement as to the facts; they have found them very depressing; they have often found them too depressing to be endured. They have sought to escape despair, not by denying the validity of the evidence, after the fashion of second-rate authors, but by rationalizing away its significance. Their individuality is to be found in the sort of rationalization differences in temperament have dictated. Proust's theorizing was especially involved because the range and quantity of material turned up by his experience left him in an extremity of pessimism. His factual discoveries were so contradictory to his aristocratic prejudices that, since he could not recognize the limitations of his viewpoint, he was forced to deny any real relationship between the actual and the ideal on the level of life itself. He had no alternative except to translate the possibility of coherent relationship onto the level of fiction or commit suicide. But those who have not been conditioned by Combray need not face the same ugly dilemma. They will be able to restore Proust's remarkably coherent dialectic picture of the decay of the French upper classes to the objective world where the very fineness of its circumstantial evidence will convince them it really belongs. I shall discuss Proust's novel as an accurate account of social decay within a clearly defined historic period.

I wish to deal, then, only with those aspects of the novel which are symbolized in the two different conflicting ways of life we have already described. But to a simple account of the action, it is desirable to add some consideration of Proust's changing emotional reactions to the progress of his plot. These changes, I believe, are more important than his elaborate philosophical statements to explain the real changes in his attitude towards the objective world. The argument from style is often more convincing than an author's rationalization of his intention. As far as Combray is concerned, I have already given it. The elegiac tone of Proust's childhood recollections registers his regret at outgrowing a period when, however illusory his perception of the aristocratic ideal, it was still a psychological belief of his inexperience. With adolescence the style ceases to be elegiac and becomes almost hopeful with spontaneous acceptance of experience as keen, direct, exploratory sensation, not inconsistent with the aristocratic ideal and possibly in due time substantiating it. Fundamentally, I will grant, the change in style is only a response to the nature of adolescence itself. One thinks of early adventures at Balbec, of all that is implied of alert and charming sensitivity in the phrase, "A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleur." Surely the elegiac has now faded and no more than a hint of the cynicism to come hesitates in the background. A similar

style, with only a slightly greater infusion of the cynical, I find in the story of Swann in love. Doubtless it is for biographical reasons that Proust identifies himself more closely with Swann than with any other character in the novel, sympathizes with him, indeed, as a young man may with some older man he admires and would imitate. Probably this is the correct causation. But I am rather concerned with what may well have been for Proust himself a largely accidental association, but which retains its validity notwithstanding. It is the fact that to sympathize with Swann is in sociological terms to take hopefully the possibility that the haute-bourgeoisie may achieve the aristocratic ideal.

Swann typifies that stage in social history when the middle class, no longer "knowing its place" in eighteenth-century terms, was seeking to take over the aristocratic tradition as it had bought and restored the physical property of the chateau. It expected to revitalize the old ideal through its adequate wealth, its splendid vigor, its alert intelligence, its demand to add to the more vulgar bourgeois accomplishments the fulfillment of the age-old precept concerning the well-rounded, the cultivated man. As we know, the attempt was a failure. Swann frittered away his magnificent possibilities. It must be said that the aristocracy corrupted him rather than that he, Swann, gave new life to its traditional values. He did nothing with his scholarly knowledge and good taste in painting, not even finishing his one brochure. He did nothing with his superb wit beyond using it to gain entry into the Guermantes' circle, nothing with his extraordinary charm but dissipate it in countless affairs with all sorts of women, nothing with his acceptance by the most aristocratic circles in France but throw it away by marrying a courtesan "who was not his style." And yet the demoralizing irony with which Proust would have dissected every petty instance of this failure, if he had been any one else but Swann, is quite lacking. Proust prefers to emphasize what was vital, wholesome, promising. His criticism of Swann is like Swann's criticism of himself; it has the melancholy of an after-thought, of a might-have-been. The symbolic significance of Swann is without question the fortuitous accompaniment to other interests Proust has in him, as a Jew, as a man who is not to any degree homosexual. But his social signification all the same is there, to represent the failure of what at one time seemed possible, of what once Henry James had expected, the achievement of a bourgeois leisure class that should bring once more together the wealth and the title, the new vigor and the old culture. In Swann Proust is, so to speak, playing fair with the haute-bourgeoisie, giving them their chance to show their mettle and to carry out the expectation they held at one period of their development, to extend their control over the material world to include the spiritual world as well.

But if Swann achieves success, though in a charming, superficial way, only to toss it aside through internal weakness, the success that the Verdurins do not throw away at a later stage in the social degeneration has

become, to Proust's mind, an altogether empty mockery. During the greater part of the novel Proust contrasts the salon of Mme. de Verdurin with that of Guermantes, in order to differentiate the conceptions of culture within the aristocracy and the haute-bourgeoisie. The Guermantes' salon gains its distinction solely through legend promoted by its anaccessibility. Almost everyone who is not a close relative of the thinnest blood is excluded. And so it goes unrecognized that the Duc is an ignoramus; and the brutal snobbism of the Duchesse, by the time it reaches lower quarters, has been distorted into wit. The Verdurin salon, by contrast, attracts some of the most notable men in France, scientists, painters, novelists, musicians; only, to qualify the comprehensiveness of the symbolism somewhat, no men of practical affairs, politicians or financiers. M. de Verdurin, it must be admitted, is an extreme example of the detachment from its material base of finance capitalism. Any vulgar attention his affairs may demand is kept out of the consciousness of his higher interests as represented by his wife's salon. But of these more sublime concerns the salon is a cross section of the best in almost every important cultural field. Yet these great men, as Proust views them, are as dull and empty as their hosts once they have left their special fields for the unfamiliar realm of social intercourse. They haunt the Verdurin's famous Thursdays because they like good food, because they have their own lower middle class pretensions to aristocracy, and because their hostess insists upon their duty to the "little clan." This relationship of host to guest is a parody of that between the central administrative aspect of business and the incommunicability of specialization. The social ideal of a culture shared and understood in common has been supplanted by the mere physical juxtaposition of specialists whose common ground is not on the side of their values but, insofar as it exists at all, on the side of their weaknesses and undeveloped possibilities. Mme de Verdurin's esthetic aspirations grotesquely personify the pretense of those who seek to acquire culture as they would a share of stock, and care no more about the real cultural values represented than the real human values that have produced the stock so long as they can enjoy the fact of domination. Unable to penetrate the aristocracy which still commands a higher price, Mme. de Verdurin has been forced to fall back on the lower commercial cost of science and fine art, and make the best of what to her is a bad bargain. But after the World War has immensely increased her wealth and after the fortunate death of her husband, she finds the price of aristocracy lowered in the new social confusion, and she is able to marry into the heart of the Guermantes' family. When a success that has long been culturally meaningless is by way of becoming meaningless on the shallow terms of mere exclusiveness, Mme. de Verdurin achieves the summit. The social and financial disaster of the war has crumbled those distinctions which, even though fictitious, had kept some sort of hierarchical order in society. Now everybody, so to speak, is marrying into the aristocracy, advancing himself, so that even

the final shell of meaning has vanished from the word. Odette, the one time prostitute, after Swann's death, has captured a nobleman, although he is of minor dimensions. Her daughter Gilbert does better by marrying Saint-Loupe, who by this period has become homosexual. What the bourgeoisie has now grasped in its upward progress is the final descent and decomposition of the aristocracy in both body and soul.

But to the novelist the seeds of decay had long since been recognizable, and had furnished him the sardonic irony of contrast between two related orders of illusion and actuality. The illusion of the aristocracy has been that it continues to occupy the dominant social position; that to rule a salon is more important than ruling a nation. That of the haute-bourgeoisie has been the folly of believing that aristocracy exists. The main source of humor in the long series of novels comes from the bewildering rush of evidence that neither of these opinions is sound. Perhaps the most intriguing testimony is the existence side by side of two aristocracies, that created by Napoleon and the more ancient, each insisting upon its prerogatives, neither of which is recognized by the law of the Third Republic nor by the practical machinery of French politics and business.

Of all that relates to aristocratic pretension, the best and the worst, the Baron de Charlus becomes the representative. He would have his social position so taken for granted that he has chosen to use one of the humblest of his many Guermantes' titles. But he is the one aristocrat presented by Proust who might vie with Swann in capabilities. He has attended lectures at the Sorbonne and been able to follow their drift. He is of course a connoisseur of fine art; and he is as well informed in politics and international affairs as his violent prejudices will permit. But he makes even less use of his capacities than Swann. (Indeed, his importance for my purpose is partly the extent to which his aristocratic birth limits certain fundamental parallels with the bourgeois Swann.) He is so remote from reality that he insists on declaring the ruling family of Belgium imposters, since the title, Duc de Brabant, properly belongs in the Guermantes' family, and fancies he is of some practical importance because a remote cousin has not yet tottered from the Austrian throne. To do him justice, he has had no time to develop his real talents because his entire effort is required to hold together the meaningless fabrics of his many titles. But as snobbism inevitably becomes the public necessity of a superfluous nobility, a contradiction develops in the private life. Homosexuality, like a disease, seizes snobbism insidiously at its tenderest point, and spreads to cripple and devour it. Proust's attitude towards homosexuality is conflicting only because he too, as one adopted into the aristocracy, feels a secret attraction for what his reason tells him tends to become a loss of all value in personal relationships in our time and especially of the pretension of aristocratic superiority. And so the Baron de Charlus, who has for years compelled obeisance to the spirit of snobbism, con-

ceiving of himself both as the personification of heraldry and the college of heralds together, is more and more insidiously assailed by the most vulgar and perverse desires. For a time it was easy to lead the double life: to retire from the public snubbing of a duchess of Napoleonic extraction and surrender clandestinely to the assault of some tailor or uncouth musician or unknown workman from the streets. Finally his need to be brutally overpowered, to have his snobbism demolished in the most humiliating fashion, so gets the better of him that he can no longer maintain his authority as arbiter of distinctions of noble rank. He has been seen too often on the streets in the company of men who clearly are of more cloudy pedigree than a Napoleonic duchess. As though to drive home the importance of this particular symbolic meaning, Proust's book turns up homosexuality almost everywhere, in most appalling and unexpected places. The more we penetrate the hypocrisy of appearances, the fewer normal relationships survive—women as well as men, the old and the young, the middle class by contagion, and the proletariat good-naturedly for an income. Homosexuality symbolizes the negation of value in the return to social chaos.

Such, then, defined in terms of the Baron de Charlus, is the height of distinction to which Mme. de Verdurin has climbed when she marries the Prince de Guermantes after the World War. It is the Verdurins and not the Swanns who represent the final triumph of the moneyed class in France. The novel for our purposes comes to an end, and as Proust certainly thought, French civilization mirrors its own extinction, in that last reception given by a Guermantes. Proust scarcely emphasizes now that it is the former Mme. de Verdurin who presides. Returning to society after many years of absence with old memories strong upon him, he thinks at first that everyone is wearing masks at a ball. But it proves to be a more ghastly one than Poe had earlier described. Here it is no plague, no infection assailing them from without, that has caught at the vitals of the well dressed men and women whom he cannot seem to recognize. The representations of senility and death which Proust took for masks recklessly advertising what their wearers do not recognize to be their true psychological state, he soon discovers to be physically valid. The twisted muscles which are reducing to burlesque a face he once knew to be beautiful are not fastened onto a cardboard surface, but on second examination can be seen in a movement no less real for being involuntary. In other instances the mask of cosmetics that had formerly established a duplicity has now been discarded as no longer effectual. "The disappearance of the pink in his lips and cheeks," says Proust of Legrandin, "which I had never suspected to be an artifice, gave his skin a grey hue and his long-drawn and mournful features the sculptured and lapidary precision of an Egyptian God. A God! More like one who had come back from the dead." In this single sentence Proust has compressed the entire history of his aristocratic idealism—at first impression, in youth, a divine illusion, but

now, with the passage of time and the acquirement of experience, he sees with a shock, "a pale and tenuous phantom" of reality. Whether this reality ever existed is beside the point. It does not exist now. Death wins the final battle. But it is more than the inevitable death of those who grow old. When the entire room is thus populated, it has become the death of a class. And when one has been told that these people are a heterogeneous mixture of bourgeoisie and aristocracy, it has become, to Proust's imagination, the death of a culture.

As usual, the Baron de Charlus is the extreme symbol. In him the mind has decayed even more than the body, until he resembles an actor in the part of Lear. Proust describes him also as he saw him on the street during his decline: his hair now white against the rosy complexion of a healthy baby; his body responding without the power of resistance to the jolts of his carriage; the vacant eyes and the palsied head of this once choleric snob now turning aimlessly and bowing in a parody of exaggerated and democratic courtesy to whoever might be passing by. The passage of class distinctions that once had seemed to promise an education towards the truth is now observed to mean the dissolution of all distinctions, the loss of all values, in a chaos of democracy, personified by Charlus' now universal but completely meaningless benevolence. Proust had never sensed the possibility of any other choice than between Swann's or the Guermantes' ways. And now both these have met in the embrace of a common degeneration. For a novelist of his sensitivity, he was astonishingly untouched by the accelerating upsurge of popular democracy in France during the twentieth century, with its tremendous self-confident authority and its new philosophy of popular welfare. His life ironically illustrates his own precept of class limitations, since any sympathy with the ideals of popular government and the use of science to the common good was entirely beyond his comprehension. He associates democracy, rather, with the senile loss of values. If he had taken it seriously, he would have feared it. To one of a more generous perspective, everything Proust discusses so seriously beneath his gay humor is valid, but does not comprise either the whole or the essential story. Unfortunately for his personal happiness, Proust could see only the distressing half of the picture; since his ideals had proved illusory, every ideal must be illusory save that of writing novels.

I doubt, however, that the writing of his novel was as satisfactory an escape as his theory stated. For the time being and especially for the distant years, the exposure of the universal hypocrisy and decay he had discovered, and the gradual process, indeed, of his discovering it, may have been positively amusing. And it must have been perennially a distraction from the ugliness of the facts, to run down their remotest, most ingenious motivation. But if his novel was a substitute for living, to end it was to sentence oneself to death. The repetitions, the hesitations, the sheer inability to clarify or even to complete the words of sentences as he

approached the present of those final pages, are not so much evidence of the progress of physical disease in him as of his fear to reach a conclusion that would leave life without further meaning. His disease, rather, was a safeguard against such a calamity. I think we have a right to say that he feared, as a man, the emptiness of life once his novel had been finished more than, as an esthete, he disliked the imperfections of form a premature death would leave uncorrected. Whatever the edicts of his philosophy concerning the nature of reality, his conception of fiction was so closely bound to the actual circumstances of life, arranged into a coherent comprehensive pattern, as to leave no possibility of a second novel. The flaw in his theory of escapism is that it permits only one pattern to evolve, only one novel to be written, the one that he finds to be faithful to the facts. Otherwise, as Maugham has suggested, he might have arranged the facts in any number of amusing designs. But we may profit by his limitation. For it permits us to accept *Remembrance of Things Past* as a convincing objective history of the degeneration of the aristocratic ideal in France before the rise of fascism and the Second World War.

HARRY ROSKOLENKO:
Paternity

Webs of the eye sleep in the bones' own sight;
knotted visions, curling images, creep
from yesterday's cinema to tomorrow's history:
the sly reminders how a century stood, photographed,
posed in acid likeness. My seven uncles
in peasant boots, soldiering for the Czar,
have my cheek bones, my hair, my attitudes.

They wept their sadness in Crimean campaigns,
in dull drums of monarchy; as I, most democratic,
a fief of fife, a dunce of despair,
empty my socket centers where my heart expands
to salute the purpose! bow to the same destiny!
as the cinema blurs, and my seven uncles sigh!
and we sit, sipping tea, saying yes, yes, yes, yes.

American Poetry: 1930-1940

A Record of Poetry Publication in the United States during the Last Decade, Compiled by the Editors with the Help of R. P. Blackmur, Horace Gregory, John Holmes, and Morton Dauwen Zabel.

The purpose of this bibliography is to present a convenient guide to notable books of poetry and about poetry in a complex period—a survey which will be valuable, in one way or another, to everyone whose work or interest causes him to watch the course of contemporary writing. Volumes which can lay little claim to distinction and lasting significance have not been included unless they happen to be by poets whose work in the main is important enough to warrant complete representation. It must not be assumed, however, that exclusion means that a book is worthless; it is impossible to draw a clean, generally agreed-upon line between the excellent-minus and the mediocre-plus. The editors alone, rather than the four critics who have generously given their advice, must be held responsible for possible unsoundness of selection.

The poetry of each year has been listed separately in order to demonstrate the remarkable increase in poetic activity as the decade progressed—talk of a "poetry renaissance" in the late 1930's is not groundless. At the end of the bibliography is printed an alphabetical index of American poets, so that their individual work from 1930 on can be estimated.

The following explanations make the bibliography more serviceable:

1. Only books published in the United States have been included.
2. Superlinear numbers indicate (1) a writer's first book of poems; (2) a book containing a single long poem rather than a collection of short poems (the common appendage ". . . and Other Poems" being ignored in titles that use it); (3) a book which is out of print.
3. The names of well-known publishers have been shortened (Random House to Random, etc.); those of less familiar firms are printed in more complete form. The *Cumulative Book Index* should be consulted for publishers' addresses.
4. The reviews cited for the more important books have been carefully chosen from the following American magazines: *Accent, Bookman* (suspended), *Herald-Tribune Books, Hound and Horn* (suspended), *Kenyon Review, Living Age, Modern Monthly, Nation, New Masses, New Republic,* New York *Times Book Review, Partisan Review, Poetry, Saturday Review of Literature, Southern Review, Symposium* (suspended), *Virginia Quarterly Review,* and *Yale Review*—some of which are not entered in *Book Review Digest.* It has seemed more useful to point out the fullest, most discriminating reviews than to catalogue all the available "notices." Volume and page numbers, as well as dates, have been supplied.
5. The supplementary lists—poetic drama, anthologies, etc.—are somewhat more selective than the American poetry list; yet they should suffice to show the concurrent growth of national interest in writing that is more or less directly related to the poetry itself.
6. Periodical material, except for book reviews, could not be admitted to the bibliography without making it too cumbersome. Readers should keep in mind that many

superb general essays on poetry have appeared in magazines during the decade, and that several poets (like Elizabeth Bishop, John Malcolm Brinnin, Alfred Hayes, T. C. Wilson, and David Cornel De Jong) whose contributions to magazines have been frequent and distinguished, have not yet published a volume of verse and are therefore ineligible for this bibliography.

The editors will welcome whatever comments, questions, or corrections the readers of *Accent* may have pertaining to the bibliography.

1930

AMERICAN POETRY:

Conrad Aiken: *John Deth.* Scribners, $2.50.[3]

Maxwell Bodenheim: *Bringing Jazz!* Liveright, $2.00.

Hart Crane: *The Bridge.* Liveright, $2.50.
(Yvor Winters, Poetry, 36: 153, June 1930 . . . Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 62: 276, April 23, 1930 . . . Allen Tate, Hound and Horn, 3: 580, July-Sept. 1930 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 4, April 20, 1930.)

Babette Deutsch: *Fire for the Night.* Cape, $2.00.[3]

Richard Eberhart: *A Bravery of Earth.* [1,2] Cape, $2.00.[3]

T. S. Eliot: *Ash Wednesday.*[2] Putnam, $1.50.
(Edmund Wilson, New Republic, 64: 24, Aug. 20, 1930 . . . Allen Tate, Hound and Horn, 4: 290, Jan.-March 1931 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 36: 330, Sept. 1930.)

Hortense Flexner: *This Stubborn Root.*[1] Macmillan, $1.25.

Robert Frost: *Collected Poems.* (Pulitzer.) Holt, $5.00.
(James Southall Wilson, Virginia Quarterly, 7: 316, April 1931.)

Horace Gregory: *Chelsea Rooming House.*[1] Covici, $2.00.[3]
(Stanley J. Kunitz, Poetry, 38: 41, April 1931 . . . Dudley Fitts, Hound and Horn, 4: 625, July-Sept. 1931 . . . Eda Lou Walton, Nation, 131: 679, Dec. 17, 1930.)

Stanley J. Kunitz: *Intellectual Things.*[1] Doubleday, $2.00.[3]
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 36: 218, July 1930 . . . Yvor Winters, New Republic, 63: 77, June 4, 1930 . . . Genevieve Taggard, Books, p. 2, July 13, 1930.)

Archibald MacLeish: *New Found Land.* Houghton, $5.00.[3]
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 36: 270, Aug. 1930 . . . Dudley Fitts, Hound and Horn, 4: 625, July-Sept. 1931.)

Edgar Lee Masters: *Lichee Nuts.* Liveright, $2.50.

Charles Norman: *The Bright World.* Morrow, $2.00.[3]

Lizette W. Reese: *White April.* Farrar, $1.50.[3]

Edwin Arlington Robinson: *The Glory of the Nightingales.*[2] Macmillan, $2.00.

Evelyn Scott: *The Winter Alone.* Cape, $2.50.[3]

Yvor Winters: *The Proof.* Coward, $1.00.
(Robert Fitzgerald, Hound and Horn, 4: 313, April-June 1931 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 37: 225, Jan. 1931 . . . William Troy, Bookman, 72: 190, Oct. 1930.)

AMERICAN ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

Imagist Anthology. Covici, $3.00.[3]

Margaret Anderson: *My Thirty Years' War.* Covici, $4.00.[3]

Louis Grudin: *Primer of Aesthetics.* Covici, $3.00.[3]

George Williamson: *The Donne Tradition.* Harvard, $3.00.

BRITISH WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Elizabeth Daryush: *Verses.* Oxford, $2.00.[3]

G. F. Lahey: *Gerard Manley Hopkins.* (Biography.) Oxford, $3.00.

Ruth Pitter: *First and Second Poems, 1912-25.* Doubleday, $2.50.[3]

Edith Sitwell: *Collected Poems.* Houghton, $15.00.[3]

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

1931

AMERICAN POETRY:

Conrad Aiken: *The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones.*[2] Scribners, $2.00.[3]
(Marianne Moore, Hound and Horn, 5: 313, Jan.-March 1932 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 40: 39, April 1932 . . . Granville Hicks, New Republic, 69: 23, Nov. 18, 1931.)

Conrad Aiken: *Preludes for Memnon.* Scribners, $2.50.[3]
(See the reviews of the preceding book.)

Stephen Vincent Benet: *Poems and Ballads, 1915-1930.* Doubleday, $2.50.[3]

E. E. Cummings: *VV (Viva)* Liveright, $2.50.
Philip Blair Rice, Symposium, 3: 270, April 1932 . . . Allen Tate, Poetry, 39: 332, Dec. 1931 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 22, Dec. 13, 1931.)

H. D.: *Red Roses for Bronze.* Houghton, $3.00.[3]
(R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 41: 94, Nov. 1932.)

Babette Deutsch: *Epistle to Prometheus.*[2] Cape, $2.00.[3]

George Dillon: *The Flowering Stone.* (Pulitzer.) Viking, $1.75.
(Robert Morss Lovett, Poetry, 39: 328, March 1932 . . . Babette Deutsch, Books, p. 2, Sept. 27, 1931.)

Robinson Jeffers: *Descent to the Dead.* Random, $7.50.[3]
(Rolfe Humphries, Poetry, 40: 154, June 1932.)

Louise McNeill: *Mountain White.*[1] Kaleidoscope (Dallas), $1.50.[3]

Edna St. Vincent Millay: *Fatal Interview.* Harpers, $2.00.
(Allen Tate, New Republic, 66: 335, May 6, 1931 . . . Harriet Monroe, Poetry, 38: 216, July 1931 . . . Frederick Dupee, Symposium, 2: 408, July 1931.)

Theodore Morrison: *The Serpent in the Cloud.*[1, 2] Houghton, $2.50.[3]

Phelps Putnam: *The Five Seasons.* Scribners, $2.00.[3]
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 40: 335, Sept. 1932 . . . Allen Tate, Hound and Horn, 6: 345, Jan.-March 1933.)

Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Matthias at the Door.*[2] Macmillan, $1.75.

Leonora Speyer: *Naked Heel.* Knopf, $2.50.[3]

Wallace Stevens: *Harmonium.* (Enlarged edition.) Knopf, $2.50.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 39: 148, Dec. 1931.)

Mark Van Doren: *Jonathan Gentry.*[2] Boni, $2.50.[3]
(Marianne Moore, Poetry, 40: 222, July 1932.)

Eda Lou Walton: *Jane Matthew.* Brewer, $2.00.[3]

James Whaler: *Green River: A Poem for Rafinesque.*[2] Harcourt, $2.00.[3]

Yvor Winters: *The Journey.* Dragon Press (Ithaca), $1.00.[3]

AMERICAN ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (editors): *American Caravan, IV.* Macaulay, $5.00.[3]

Kenneth Burke: *Counter-Statement.* Harcourt, $2.50.[3]

Glenn Hughes: *Imagism and the Imagists.* Stanford Univ., $4.00.[3]

Edmund Wilson: *Axel's Castle.* Scribners, $2.50.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Robert Bridges: *Shorter Poems.* Oxford, $2.50.[3]

Aldous Huxley: *The Cicadas.* (Poems.) Doubleday, $2.00.[3]

John Masefield: *Minnie Maylow's Story.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $2.50.

Wilfred Owen: *Poems.* (Enlarged edition.) Viking, $2.00.[3]

Alan Porter: *The Signature of Pain.* Day, $2.50.[3]

Catullus: *Poems,* translated by Horace Gregory. Covici, $5.00.[3]

1932

AMERICAN POETRY:

William Rose Benet: *Rip Tide.*[2] Duffield, $2.50 (now Dodd, $2.00).

Sterling Brown: *Southern Road.* Harcourt, $2.00.[3]

Paul Engle: *Worn Earth.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $1.25.[3]

Langston Hughes: *The Dream Keeper.* Knopf, $2.00.

Robinson Jeffers: *Thurso's Landing.* Liveright, $2.50.[3]
(Rolfe Humphries, Poetry, 40: 154, June 1932 . . . Yvor Winters, Hound and Horn, 5: 675, July-Sept. 1932.)
Alfred Kreymborg: *The Little World.* Coward, $2.00.[3]
Lawrence Lee: *This Was Her Country.*[1] Madison Lane Press (Univ., Va.) $1.00.[3]
Archibald MacLeish: *Conquistador.*[2] (Pulitzer.) Houghton, $2.50.
(Horace Gregory, Nation, 134: 655, June 8, 1932 . . . Allen Tate, New Republic, 71: 77, June 1, 1932 . . . Obed Brooks, Modern Monthly, 6: 106, Summer 1932 . . . Lincoln Kirstein, Hound and Horn, 5: 484, April-June 1932.)
Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Nicodemus.* Macmillan, $1.75.
Selden Rodman: *Mortal Triumph.*[1] Farrar, $1.50.[3]
Allen Tate: *Poems: 1928-1931.* Scribners, $2.00.
(F. Cudworth Flint, Symposium, 3: 407, July 1932 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 40: 34, April 1932 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 16, May 8, 1932 . . . J. V. Cunningham, Bookman, 75: 83, April 1932.)
Elinor Wylie: *Collected Poems.* Knopf, $3.50.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 40: 273, Aug. 1932.)

AMERICAN POETIC DRAMA; ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

Edna St. Vincent Millay: *The Princess Marries the Page.* Harpers, $2.00.
Louis Zukofsky: *An "Objectivists" Anthology.* Humphries, $1.25.[3]
T. S. Eliot: *Selected Essays, 1917-1932.* Harcourt, $3.50.
Louis Grudin: *Mr. Eliot among the Nightingales.* Covici, $2.00.[3]

BRITISH WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Elizabeth Daryush: *Verses (II).* Oxford, $1.75.[3]
John Masefield: *A Tale of Troy.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $1.50.

1933

AMERICAN POETRY:

Shirley Barker: *The Dark Hills Under.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.[3]
William Rose Benet: *Starry Harness.* Duffield, $2.00.[3]
John Peale Bishop: *Now with His Love.* Scribners, $2.50.[3]
(Robert Penn Warren, Poetry, 43: 342, March 1934 . . . Allen Tate, New Republic, 78: 52, Feb. 21, 1934 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 8, Dec. 10, 1933.)
Harold L. Cook: *Spell Against Death.*[1] Harpers, $2.00.[3]
Hart Crane: *Collected Poems.* (Introduction by Waldo Frank.) Liveright, $2.50.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 42: 33, April 1933 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 6, April 2, 1933 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Symposium, 4: 483, Oct. 1933.)
Carleton Drewry: *Proud Horns.*[1] Macmillan, $1.50.
William Faulkner: *A Green Bough.* Smith-Harrison, $1.75.[3]
Robert Gessner: *Upsurge.*[1,2] Farrar, $1.00.[3]
Horace Gregory: *No Retreat.* Harcourt, $1.50.[3]
(Allen Tate, New Republic, 74: 255, April 12, 1933 . . . Evelyn Scott, Books, p. 2, April 23, 1933 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 42: 217, July 1933.)
Robert Hillyer: *Collected Verse.* (Pulitzer.) Knopf, $2.00.
Robinson Jeffers: *Give Your Heart to the Hawks.* Random, $2.50.
(John Gould Fletcher, Poetry, 43: 338, March 1934 . . . F. O. Matthiessen, Yale Review, 23: 611, March 1934.)
Lawrence Lee: *Summer Goes On.* Scribners, $1.75.
Archibald MacLeish: *Poems, 1924-1933.* Houghton, $3.00.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 44: 150, June 1934 . . . Conrad Aiken, New Republic, 77: 287, Jan. 17, 1934 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 3, Dec. 24, 1933 . . . F. O. Matthiessen, Yale Review, 23: 611, March 1934.)

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

Edgar Lee Masters: *The Serpent in the Wilderness.* S. Dick (N. Y.), $8.00.[3]
Gilbert Maxwell: *Look to the Lightning.*[1] Dodd, $1.50.[3]
Ezra Pound: *A Draft of XXX Cantos.* Farrar, $2.50.[3]
(Horace Gregory, New Republic, 75: 292, July 26, 1933.) (Reviews of the 1930 Paris edition: Marianne Moore, Poetry, 39: 37, Oct. 1931 . . . Dudley Fitts, Hound and Horn, 4: 278, Jan.-March 1931 . . . William Carlos Williams, Symposium, 2: 257, April 1931.)
Lizette W. Reese: *Pastures.* Farrar, $1.50.
Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Talifer.*[2] Macmillan, $1.75.
(Allen Tate, New Republic, 76: 312, Oct. 25, 1933 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 43: 221, Jan. 1934.)
Sara Teasdale: *Strange Victory.* Macmillan, $1.00.
Marie de L. Welch: *Poems.* Macmillan, $1.25.
Winifred Welles: *Blossoming Antlers.* Viking, $1.50.
John Wheelwright: *Rock and Shell.* Humphries, $2.50.
(R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 44: 282, Aug. 1934.)

AMERICAN ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

We Gather Strength: Poems, by Herman Spector, Joseph Kalar, Edwin Rolfe, and S. Funaroff. Liberal Press (N. Y.), $1.00.[3]
T. S. Eliot: *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism.* Harvard, $2.00.[3]
Horace Gregory: *Pilgrim of the Apocalypse, A Critical Study of D. H. Lawrence.* Viking, $1.00.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Elizabeth Daryush: *Verses (III).* Oxford $2.00.[3]
A. E. Housman: *The Name and Nature of Poetry.* (Criticism.) Macmillan, $1.00.
D. H. Lawrence: *Last Poems.* Viking, $3.00.
E. E. Phare: *The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* (Criticism.) Macmillan, $2.75.
H. R. Williamson: *The Poetry of T. S. Eliot.* (Criticism.) Putnam, $2.00.[3]
W. B. Yeats: *Collected Poems.* Macmillan, $2.50.
W. B. Yeats: *The Winding Stair.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $2.50.
Louis Aragon: *Red Front,* translated by E. E. Cummings. Contempo (Chapel Hill), 50c.[3]
André Spire and His Poetry, Two Essays and Forty Poems, translated by Stanley Burnshaw. Centaur (Philadelphia), $3.00.[3]
Enid Starkie: *Baudelaire.* Putnam, $3.75.[3]

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AMERICAN POETRY:

James Agee: *Permit Me Voyage.*[1] (Foreword by Archibald MacLeish.) Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.
(Horace Gregory, Poetry, 46: 48, April 1935 . . . Lincoln Kirstein, New Republic, 82: 80, Feb. 27, 1935.)
Paul Engle: *American Song.* Doubleday $1.75.
(John Gould Fletcher, Poetry, 45: 285, Feb. 1935 . . . Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 80: 79, Aug. 29, 1934.)
Thomas Hornsby Ferril: *Westering.* Yale, $2.00.
Kimball Flaccus: *Avalanche of April.*[1] Scribners, $2.00.
David Greenhood: *Poems, et cetera.*[1] Gentry (San Francisco), $1.00.
Louis Grudin: *A Tearless Glass.* Covici, $2.00.[3]
(Horace Gregory, Books, p. 41, Dec. 2, 1934.)
Christopher La Farge: *Hoxsie Sells His Acres.*[1,2] Coward, $2.00.
Norman Macleod: *Horizons of Death.*[1] Parnassus (N. Y.), $1.75.[3]
(R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 46: 108, May 1935.)
Edna St. Vincent Millay: *Wine from These Grapes.* Harpers, $2.00.
(Louise Bogan, Poetry, 45: 277, Feb. 1935 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 3, Nov. 11, 1934 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 139: 568, Nov. 14, 1934.)
Elder Olson: *Thing of Sorrow.*[1] Macmillan, $1.50.
(Stanley J. Kunitz, Poetry, 45: 270, Feb. 1935.)

George Oppen: *Discrete Series.*[1] (Preface by Ezra Pound.) Objectivist (N. Y.), $1.00.[3]
Ezra Pound: *Eleven New Cantos, XXX-XLI.* Farrar, $1.50.[3]
(Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 139: 599, Nov. 21, 1934.)
Laura Riding: *Americans.* Primavera (Los Angeles), $2.50.[3]
Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Amaranth.*[2] Macmillan, $2.00.
(Horace Gregory, Poetry, 45: 158, Dec. 1934.)
Isador Schneider: *Comrade: Mister.* Equinox (N.Y.), $2.00.[3]
Gertrude Stein: *Portraits and Prayers.* Random, $2.50.[3]
Jesse Stuart: *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow.*[1] Dutton, $3.00.
Genevieve Taggard: *Not Mine to Finish.* Harpers, $2.00.
Ernest Walsh: *Poems and Sonnets.*[1] Harpers, $2.00.[3]
(R. P. Blackmur, Nation, 139: 688, Dec. 12, 1934.)
William Carlos Williams: *Collected Poems, 1921-1932.* (Preface by Wallace Stevens.) Objectivist (N. Y.), $2.00.[3]
(Marianne Moore, Poetry, 44: 103, May 1934 . . . Conrad Aiken, New Republic, 78: 289, April 18, 1934 . . . Carl Rakosi, Symposium, 4: 439, Oct. 1933.)
Yvor Winters: *Before Disaster.* Tryon Pamphlets (Tryon, N. C.), 25c.[3]
Audrey Wurdemann: *Bright Ambush.* (Pulitzer.) Day, $2.50.
Marya Zaturenska: *Threshold and Hearth.*[2] Macmillan, $1.50.
(Winifred Welles, Poetry, 45: 282, Feb. 1935 . . . Eda Lou Walton, Books, p. 17, Sept. 16, 1934.)

AMERICAN POETIC DRAMA; ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

T. S. Eliot: *The Rock.* Harcourt, $1.00.
Genevieve Taggard and Dudley Fitts (editors): *Ten Introductions.* (Robert Fitzgerald, Lincoln Kirstein, Theodore Spencer, Don Stanford, and others.) Arrow Editions, $2.00.
Malcolm Cowley: *Exile's Return.* Norton, $3.00.
Lawrence Clark Powell: *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work.* Primavera (Los Angeles), $3.50.[3]

BRITISH WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Richard Aldington: *Poems.* Doubleday, $2.50.[3]
W. H. Auden: *Poems.* Random, $2.50.
Oliver St. John Gogarty: *Selected Poems.* Macmillan, $2.00.
Stephen Spender: *Poems.* Random, $1.50.
Rainer Maria Rilke: *Letters to a Young Poet,* translated by M. D. Herter Norton. Norton, $2.00.

1935

AMERICAN POETRY:

Conrad Aiken: *Landscape West of Eden.*[2] Scribners, $1.25.[3]
(Evelyn Scott, Poetry, 46: 162, June 1935.)
Forrest Anderson: *Sea Pieces.*[1] Cassowary (N. Y.), $2.00.[3]
William Rose Benet: *Golden Fleece.*[2] Dodd, $2.50.
Robert P. Tristram Coffin: *Strange Holiness.* (Pulitzer.) Macmillan, $1.75.
E. E. Cummings: *No Thanks.* Golden Eagle (N. Y.), $2.00.
(Lionel Abel, Nation, 141: 138, July 31, 1935 . . . Kenneth Burke, New Republic, 83: 198, June 26, 1935.)
Kenneth Fearing: *Poems.* (Introduction by Edward Dahlberg.) Dynamo (N. Y.), $1.00.
(Obed Brooks, Partisan, 2: 59, July-Aug. 1935 . . . Horace Gregory, Poetry, 49: 282, Feb. 1937 . . . Kenneth Burke, New Republic, 83: 198, June 26, 1935.)
Robert Fitzgerald: *Poems.*[1] Arrow Editions, $2.00.
(C. A. Millspaugh, Poetry, 48: 166, June 1936 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 142: 227, Feb. 19, 1936.)

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

Archibald Fleming: *An Island Called Pharos.*[1] Liveright, $2.00.
John Gould Fletcher: *XXIV Elegies.* Writers' Editions (Santa Fe), $2.50.[3]
Horace Gregory: *Chorus for Survival.* Covici, $2.00.[3]
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, New Republic, 83: 173, June 19, 1935 . . . Louis Untermeyer, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 14, May 11, 1935 . . . Kenneth Burke, Poetry, 46: 227, July 1935.)
Robinson Jeffers: *Solstice.* Random, $2.50.
(Robert Penn Warren, Poetry, 49: 279, Feb. 1937 . . . Donald Davidson, Southern Review, 1: 875, Spring 1936 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 141: 480, Oct. 23, 1935.)
Lincoln Kirstein: *Low Ceiling.*[1] Putnam, $2.00.
(John Wheelwright, New Republic, 86: 145, March 11, 1936.)
Willard Maas: *Fire Testament.*[1] (Preface by S. Foster Damon.) Alcestis (N. Y.), $7.50.[3]
(R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 48: 113, May 1936 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 142: 53, Jan. 8, 1936.)
Edgar Lee Masters: *Invisible Landscapes.* Macmillan, $2.25.
Harriet Monroe: *Chosen Poems.* Macmillan, $3.00.
Marianne Moore: *Selected Poems.* (Preface by T. S. Eliot.) Macmillan, $2.00.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 47: 326, March 1936 . . . Ruth Lechlitner, Books, p. 6, June 2, 1935 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 140: 458, April 17, 1935 . . . Orrick Johns, New Masses, p. 24, June 4, 1935 . . . Kenneth Burke, Southern Review, 1: 164, Summer 1935.)
Merrill Moore: *Six Sides to a Man.* Harcourt, $2.00.[3]
Theodore Morrison: *Notes on Life and Death.* Crowell, $2.00.
Robert Nathan: *Selected Poems.* Knopf, $2.00.
Lola Ridge: *Dance of Fire.* Smith and Haas, $2.00.[3]
(Horace Gregory, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 17, June 8, 1935 . . . Hildegarde Flanner, Poetry, 47: 40, Oct. 1935.)
Edwin Arlington Robinson: *King Jasper.*[2] (Foreword by Robert Frost.) Macmillan, $2.00.
(John Crowe Ransom, Southern Review, 1: 609, Winter 1936.)
Muriel Rukeyser: *Theory of Flight.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.
(Harold Rosenberg, Poetry, 48: 107, May 1936 . . . Horace Gregory, New Republic, 85: 374, Feb. 5, 1936 . . . Kenneth Burke, New Masses, p. 26, Feb. 4, 1936.)
Wallace Stevens: *Ideas of Order.* Alcestis (N. Y.), $7.50.[3] (Knopf, 1936, $2.00.)
(Marianne Moore, Poetry, 49: 268, Feb. 1937 . . . Stanley Burnshaw, New Masses, p. 41, Oct. 1, 1935 . . . Ben Belitt, Nation, 143: 708, Dec. 12, 1936 . . . Howard Baker, Southern Review, 1: 373, Autumn, 1935.)
Mark Van Doren: *A Winter Diary.* Macmillan, $1.90.
(Stanley J. Kunitz, Poetry, 47: 46, Oct. 1935 . . . Allen Tate, Nation, 140: 339, March 20, 1935.)
Winifred Welles: *A Spectacle for Scholars.* Viking, $1.75.
William Carlos Williams: *An Early Martyr.* Alcestis (N. Y.), $5.00.[3]
(T. C. Wilson, Poetry, 48: 105, May 1936.)

AMERICAN POETIC DRAMA; ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

E. E. Cummings: *Tom.* (Ballet.) Arrow Editions, $3.00.
T. S. Eliot: *Murder in the Cathedral.* Harcourt, $1.25.
Archibald MacLeish: *Panic.* Houghton, $2.00.
Ann Winslow (editor): *Trial Balances.* Macmillan, $2.00.
R. P. Blackmur: *The Double Agent.* Arrow Editions, $3.00.
Kenneth Burke: *Permanence and Change.* New Republic, $1.00.
S. Foster Damon: *Amy Lowell: A Chronicle.* Houghton, $15.00.
Babette Deutsch: *This Modern Poetry.* Norton, $2.75.
Nancy Hoyt: *Elinor Wylie.* Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.
Edgar Lee Masters: *Vachel Lindsay.* Scribners, $1.75.
F. O. Matthiessen: *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot.* Houghton, $2.25 (now published by Oxford).

BRITISH WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Claude C. Abbott (editor): *The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges* and *The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon.* Oxford, $10.00.

W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood: *The Dog Beneath the Skin.* (Poetic play.) Random, $1.50.[3]

C. Day Lewis: *Collected Poems, 1929-33, and A Hope for Poetry.* Random, $2.50.[3]

John Masefield: *Poems.* Macmillan, $5.00.

Ruth Pitter: *A Mad Lady's Garland.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $1.25.

John Pudney: *Open the Sky.* (Poems.) Doubleday, $1.50.[3]

Herbert Read: *Poems, 1914-1934.* Harcourt, $2.50.[3]

George William Russell (A. E.): *Selected Poems.* Macmillan, $2.50.

Stephen Spender: *Vienna.* (Long poem.) Random, $1.25.[3]

W. B. Yeats: *The King of the Great Clock Tower.* (Prose play, commentary, and poems.) Macmillan, $1.50.

W. B. Yeats: *Collected Plays.* Macmillan, $3.50.

1936

AMERICAN POETRY:

Conrad Aiken: *Time in the Rock.* Scribners, $2.50.
(R. P. Blackmur, New Republic, 89: 335, Jan. 13, 1937 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 11, Jan 31, 1937 . . . Stanley J. Kunitz, Poetry, 50: 103, May 1937.)

Stephen Vincent Benet: *Burning City.* Farrar, $2.00.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 48: 276, Aug. 1936.)

John Peale Bishop: *Minute Particulars.* Alcestis (N. Y.), $7.50.[3]
(T. C. Wilson, Books, p. 23, March 15, 1936 . . . F. Cudworth Flint, Southern Review, 1: 650, Winter 1936.)

Howard Blake: *Prolegomena to Any Future Poetry.*[1] Humphries, $2.00.

Stanley Burnshaw: *The Iron Land.*[1,2] Centaur (Philadelphia), $2.00.[3]

Witter Bynner: *Selected Poems.* Knopf, $2.50.

Helen Cornelius: *In Tract of Time.*[1] Oxford, $2.00.

James Daly: *One Season Shattered.* Centaur (Philadelphia), $2.00.

T. S. Eliot: *Collected Poems, 1909-1935.* Harcourt, $2.50.
(Marianne Moore, Nation, 142: 680, May 27, 1936 . . . Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 87: 49, May 20, 1936 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Poetry, 50: 48, April, 1937 . . , Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 2: 160, Summer 1936.)

Paul Engle: *Break the Heart's Anger.* Doubleday, $2.00.[3]
Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 86: 226, April 1, 1936 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 48: 228, July 1936.)

Robert Francis: *Stand with Me Here.*[1] Macmillan, $1.75.

Robert Frost: *A Further Range.* (Pulitzer.) Holt, $2.50.
(R. P. Blackmur, Nation, 142: 817, June 24, 1936 . . . John Wheelwright, Poetry, 49: 45, Oct. 1936 . . . Horace Gregory, New Republic, 87: 214, June 24, 1936.)

Vachel Lindsay: *Selected Poems.* Macmillan, $1.50.

C. F. MacIntyre: *Poems.*[1] Macmillan, $2.00.

Archibald MacLeish: *Public Speech.* Farrar, $1.00.
(Ruth Lechlitner, Books, p. 7, April 5, 1936 . . . Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 86: 226, April 1, 1936 . . . Isador Schneider, New Masses, p. 21, March 24, 1936.)

Norman Macleod: *Thanksgiving before November.* Parnassus (N. Y.), $2.00.[3]
(Robert Fitzgerald, Poetry, 48: 340, Sept. 1936.)

Edgar Lee Masters: *The Golden Fleece of California.*[2] Countryman Press (Weston, Va.), $3.50.[3] (Farrar, 1937, $2.00).

Edgar Lee Masters: *Poems of People.* Appleton-Century, $2.50.

Gilbert Maxwell: *The Stranger's Garment.* Dodd, $2.00.

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

C. A. Millspaugh: *In Sight of Mountains.*[1] Doubleday, $1.75.[3]
(Stanley J. Kunitz, Poetry, 50: 43, April 1937.)
Dorothy Parker: *Collected Poems: Not So Deep as a Well.* Random, $2.00.
Kenneth Patchen: *Before the Brave.*[1] Random, $2.00.[3]
(Robert Fitzgerald, Poetry, 48: 340, Sept. 1936 . . . Babette Deutsch, Books, p. 7, March 15, 1936.)
Frederic Prokosch: *The Assassins.*[1] Harpers, $2.00.
(John Peale Bishop, Poetry, 49: 337, March 1937 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Southern Review, 2: 558, Winter 1937.)
Lizette W. Reese: *The Old House in the Country.* Farrar, $1.00.[2]
Edwin Rolfe: *To My Contemporaries.*[1] Dynamo (N. Y.), $1.00.
(Joseph Freeman, New Masses, p. 23, March 10, 1936 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 2: 160, Summer 1936.)
Carl Sandburg: *The People, Yes.* Harcourt, $2.50.
(Archibald MacLeish, New Masses, p. 25, Sept. 1, 1936 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 49: 33, Oct. 1936 . . . Stephen Vincent Benet, Books, p. 1, Aug. 23, 1936 . . . Ben Belitt, Nation, 143: 215, Aug. 22, 1936 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Southern Review, 2: 558, Winter 1937.)
Wilbert Snow: *Selected Poems.* Edwin Valentine Mitchell (N. Y.), $2.00.
Wallace Stevens: *Owl's Clover.* Alcestis (N. Y.), $10.00.[3]
(Marianne Moore, Poetry, 49: 268, Feb. 1937.)
Genevieve Taggard: *Calling Western Union.* Harpers, $2.00.
(T. C. Wilson, Poetry, 50: 106, May 1937 . . . Rebecca Pitts, New Masses, p. 22, Oct. 27, 1936.)
Allen Tate: *The Mediterranean.* Alcestis, (N.Y.), $7.50.[3]
(Kenneth Burke, Poetry, 50: 96, May 1937 . . . F. Cudworth Flint, Southern Review, 1: 650, Winter 1936.)
Robert Penn Warren: *36 Poems.*[1] Alcestis (N. Y.), $7.50.[3]
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Poetry, 48: 37, April 1936 . . . F. Cudworth Flint, Southern Review, 1: 650, Winter 1936.)
Edward Weismiller: *The Deer Come Down.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.[3]
Lionel Wiggam: *Landscape with Figures.*[1] Viking, $1.75.
William Carlos Williams: *Adam and Eve and the City.* Alcestis (N. Y.), $7.50.[3]
(Robert Fitzgerald, Poetry, 49: 94, Nov. 1936.)

AMERICAN ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (editors): *New Caravan.* Norton, $3.95.
James Laughlin (editor): *New Directions in Prose and Poetry.* New Directions, $2.00.
Edd Winfield Parks (editor): *Southern Poets.* American Book Co., $1.00.
Elizabeth Atkins: *Edna St. Vincent Millay and Her Times.* Univ. of Chicago, $3.00.
Edgar Lee Masters: *Across Spoon River.* Farrar, $3.50.
Allen Tate: *Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas.* Scribners, $2.50.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Robert Bridges: *Poetical Works.* Oxford, $1.50.
Elizabeth Daryush: *The Last Man.* (Poems.) Oxford, $2.00.[3]
C. Day Lewis: *A Time to Dance.* (Poems, poetic play, criticism.) Random, $1.75.[3]
Walter de la Mare: *Poems 1919-1934.* Holt, $2.50.
A. E. Housman: *More Poems.* Knopf, $2.00.
James Joyce: *Collected Poems.* Black Sun Press (N. Y.), $5.00.[3] (Viking, 1937, $2.00).
Ruth Pitter: *A Trophy of Arms.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $1.75.
Stephen Spender: *The Destructive Element.* (Criticism.) Houghton, $2.25.[3]
W. B. Yeats: *Dramatis Personae.* (Reminiscence.) Macmillan, $2.50.
W. B. Yeats (editor): *Oxford Book of Modern Verse.* Oxford, $3.00.
Charles Baudelaire: *Flowers of Evil,* translated by Edna St. Vincent Millay and George Dillon. Harpers, $2.75.
Euripides: *Alcestis,* translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, $1.50.

1937

AMERICAN POETRY:

R. P. Blackmur: *From Jordan's Delight.*[1] Arrow Editions, $2.50.
(John Wheelwright, New Republic, 91: 315, July 21, 1937 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 15, May 23, 1937 . . . Allen Tate, Southern Review, 3: 183, Summer 1937 . . . Philip Blair Rice, Nation, 144: 512, May 1, 1937.)

Etta Blum: *Poems.*[1] Golden Eagle (N. Y.), $1.50.

Louise Bogan: *The Sleeping Fury.* Scribners, $2.50.
(Ford Madox Ford, Poetry, 50: 158, June 1937 . . . Allen Tate, Southern Review, 3: 183, Summer 1937 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, New Republic, 90: 391, May 5, 1937.)

Richard Eberhart: *Reading the Spirit.* Oxford, $2.50.
(John Peale Bishop, Poetry, 50: 164, June 1937.)

Herman Fetzer (Jake Falstaff): *The Bulls of Spring.*[1] Putnam, $2.00.

Dudley Fitts: *Poems, 1929-1936.*[1] New Directions, $2.00.
(T. C. Wilson, Poetry, 51: 107, Nov. 1937 . . . F. O. Matthiessen, Southern Review, 3: 368, Autumn 1937 . . . R. P. Blackmur, New Republic, 93: 234, Dec. 29, 1937.)

Margaret Haley: *The Gardener Mind.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.

James Hearst: *Country Men.*[1] Prairie Press (Muscatine), $2.00.

John Holmes: *Address to the Living.*[1] Holt, $2.00.
(Raymond Holden, Poetry, 50: 170, June 1937.)

Robinson Jeffers: *Such Counsels You Gave to Me.* Random, $2.50.
(Muriel Rukeyser, New Republic, 93: 234, Dec. 29, 1937 . . . Eda Lou Walton, Poetry, 51: 209, Jan. 1938.)

Josephine W. Johnson: *Year's End.*[1] Simon, $2.00.
(Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 32, Dec. 5, 1937 . . . Eda Lou Walton, N. Y. Times, p. 9, Dec. 12, 1937 . . . John A. Holmes, Virginia Quarterly, 14: 144, Winter 1938.)

Ruth Lechlitner: *Tomorrow's Phoenix.*[1] Alcestis (N. Y.), $3.00.[3] (Quality Press, N. Y., 1938, $1.50.
(Samuel French Morse, Poetry, 51: 157, Dec. 1937 . . . Alfred Kreymborg, New Republic, 92: 249, Oct. 6, 1937 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 7, Sept. 26, 1937.)

Lawrence Lee: *Monticello.* Scribners, $2.00.

Robert McAlmon: *Not Alone Lost.* New Directions, $2.00.

Edgar Lee Masters: *The New World.*[2] Appleton-Century, $2.50.

Edna St. Vincent Millay: *Conversation at Midnight.*[2] Harpers, $2.00.
(Edmund Wilson, New Republic, 91: 338, July 28, 1938 . . . John Peale Bishop, Poetry, 51: 99, Nov. 1937 . . . Horace Gregory, New Masses, p. 24, Aug. 3, 1937.)

Ezra Pound: *The Fifth Decad of Cantos.* Farrar, $1.50.[3]
(Delmore Schwartz, Poetry, 51: 324, March 1938.)

Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Collected Poems.* Macmillan, $3.00.

Selden Rodman: *Lawrence: The Last Crusade.*[2] Viking, $2.50.
(Horace Gregory, Books, p. 2, Feb. 21, 1937 . . . T. C. Wilson, New Masses, p. 23, March 9, 1937.)

Sydney Salt: *Christopher Columbus.* Humphries, $2.00.

Winfield Townley Scott: *Biography for Traman.*[1] Covici, $2.00.[3]
(T. C. Wilson, Poetry, 50: 224, July 1937 . . . Willard Maas, Books, p. 16, April 11, 1937.)

Wallace Stevens: *The Man with the Blue Guitar.* (Includes *Owl's Clover.*) Knopf, $2.00.
(Robert Fitzgerald, Poetry, 51: 153, Dec. 1937 . . . Delmore Schwartz, Partisan, v. 4, no. 3, Feb. 1938 . . . William Carlos Williams, New Republic, 93: 50, Nov. 17, 1937 . . .Ben Belitt, Nation, 145: 508, Nov. 6, 1937 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 5: 568, Winter 1940.)

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

James Still: *Hounds on the Mountain.*[1] Viking, $2.00.
Allen Tate: *Selected Poems.* Scribners, $2.00.
(Delmore Schwartz, Southern Review, 5: 419, Winter 1940 . . . Samuel French Morse, Poetry, 51: 262, Feb. 1938 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, New Republic, 92: 315, Oct. 20, 1937 . . . Ben Belitt, Nation, 146: 133, Jan. 29, 1938.)
Sara Teasdale: *Collected Poems.* Macmillan, $2.50.
Mark Van Doren: *The Last Look.* Holt, $2.00
(John Crowe Ransom, Books, p. 20, Nov. 21, 1937 . . . William Gilmore, Poetry, 51: 164, Dec. 1937.)
Kathryn Worth: *Sign of Capricornus.*[1] Knopf, $2.00.
Marguerite Young: *Prismatic Ground.*[1] Macmillan, $1.75.
Marya Zaturenska: *Cold Morning Sky.* (Pulitzer.) Macmillan $1.50.
(Marshall Schacht, Poetry, 51: 266, Feb. 1938 . . . T. C. Wilson, New Republic, 93: 51, Nov. 17, 1937 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 29, Oct. 10, 1937.)

AMERICAN POETIC DRAMA; ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:
Archibald MacLeish: *The Fall of the City.* (For Radio.) Farrar, 50c.
Horace Gregory (editor): *New Letters in America.* Norton, $2.00.
James Laughlin (editor): *New Directions 1937.* New Directions, $2.50.
Yvor Winters (editor): *Twelve Poets of the Pacific.* (Winters, Janet Lewis, J. V. Cunningham, Don Stanford, and others.) New Directions, $2.50.
Rollo Walter Brown: *Next Door to a Poet.* (On E. A. Robinson.) Appleton-Century, $1.50.
W. B. S. Clymer and Charles R. Green: *Robert Frost: A Bibliography.* Jones Library (Amherst), $3.25.
John Gould Fletcher: *Life Is My Song.* Farrar, $3.50.[3]
Charles B. Hogan: *A Bibliography of Edwin Arlington Robinson.* Yale, $7.50.
Philip Horton: *Hart Crane.* Norton, $3.00.
Richard Thornton (editor): *Recognition of Robert Frost.* Holt, $2.50.
Yvor Winters: *Primitivism and Decadence.* Arrow Editions, $2.50.
Karl Yost and H. L. Cook: *A Bibliography of Edna St. Vincent Millay.* Harpers, $3.50.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:
W. H. Auden: *On This Island.* (Poems.) Random, $1.50.
W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood: *The Ascent of F6.* (Poetic play.) Random, $1.50.
W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice: *Letters from Iceland.* (Poems and Prose.) Random $3.00.[3]
Christopher Caudwell: *Illusion and Reality.* (Criticism.) Macmillan, $4.50.
Humphrey House (editor): *The Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Oxford, $8.50.
Louis MacNeice: *Poems.* Random, $2.50.
Edith Sitwell: *Selected Poems.* Houghton, $3.00.
Aeschylus: *Agamemnon,* translated by Louis MacNeice. Harcourt, $1.75.[3]
Euripides: *Ion,* translated by H. D. Houghton, $3.00.
F. Garcia Lorca: *Lament for the Death of a Bull-Fighter,* translated by A. L. Lloyd. Oxford, $2.50.

1938

AMERICAN POETRY:
Ben Belitt: *The Five-Fold Mesh.*[1] Knopf, $2.00.
(Theodore Roethke, Poetry, 53: 214, Jan. 1939 . . . C. A. Millspaugh, Kenyon, 1: 87, Winter 1939.)
Kay Boyle: *A Glad Day.*[1] New Directions, $2.00.
(Reuel Denney, Poetry, 54: 347, Sept. 1939 . . . Dudley Fitts, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 10, Jan. 7, 1939.)
Oscar Brynes: *The Day's Work.*[1,2] Harcourt, $1.25.
Melville Cane: *Poems, New and Selected.* Harcourt, $2.00.
E. E. Cummings: *Collected Poems.* Harcourt, $3.00.
(S. I. Hayakawa, Poetry, 52: 284, Aug. 1938 . . . Paul Rosenfeld, Nation, 146: 360, March 26, 1938 . . . Horace Gregory, New Republic, 94: 368, April 27, 1938.)
Joy Davidman: *Letter to a Comrade.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.

(Oscar Williams, Poetry, 54: 33, April 1939 . . . Willard Maas, New Masses, p. 23, Jan. 3, 1939.)

Donald Davidson: *Lee in the Mountains.* Houghton, $2.00.

August Derleth: *Hawk on the Wind.*[1] Ritten House, $2.00.

Abbie Huston Evans: *The Bright North.* Macmillan, $1.75.

Kenneth Fearing: *Dead Reckoning.* Random, $1.25.
(T. C. Wilson, Poetry, 54: 26, April 1939 . . . Kenneth Burke, New Masses, p. 27, Feb. 21, 1939 . . . F. Cudworth Flint, Kenyon, 1: 223, Spring 1939.)

John Gould Fletcher: *Selected Poems.* (Pulitzer.) Farrar, $2.50.

Charles Henri Ford: *The Garden of Disorder.*[1] New Directions, $2.00.

Robert Francis: *Valhalla.* Macmillan, $2.00.

S. Funaroff: *The Spider and the Clock.*[1] International Publishers, $1.00.

Raymond Holden: *Natural History.* Holt, $2.00.

Robinson Jeffers: *Selected Poetry.* Random, $3.50.
(Delmore Schwartz, Poetry, 55: 30, Oct. 1939 . . . Frajam Taylor, Poetry, 55: 39, Oct. 1939 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 5: 568, Winter 1940.)

Pare Lorentz: *The River.*[1] Stackpole, $2.00.

Willard Maas: *Concerning the Young.* Farrar, $2.00.[3]
(Theodore Roethke, Poetry, 53: 336, March 1939 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 15, Sept. 11, 1938.)

Archibald MacLeish: *Land of the Free.* Harcourt, $3.00.[3]
(Pare Lorentz, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 6, April 2, 1938 . . . Muriel Rukeyser, New Masses, p. 26, April 26, 1938 . . . T. K. Whipple, New Republic, 94: 311, April 13, 1938 . . . Kerker Quinn, Virginia Quarterly, 14: 467, Summer 1938.)

Merrill Moore: *M: One Thousand Autobiographical Sonnets.* Harcourt, $5.00.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 5: 568, Winter 1940.)

Frederic Prokosch: *The Carnival.* Harpers, $2.00.
(Samuel French Morse, Poetry, 53: 89, Nov. 1938 . . . Ruth Lechlitner, Books, p. 16, Nov. 20, 1938.)

Laura Riding: *Collected Poems.* Random, $4.00.
(John Berryman, Books, p. 21, Dec. 11, 1938 . . . Robert Fitzgerald, Kenyon, 1: 341, Summer 1939 . . . H. R. Hays, Poetry, 54: 101, May 1939.)

Harry Roskolenko: *Sequence on Violence.*[1] Signal Publishers (N. Y.), $1.50.

Muriel Rukeyser: *U. S. 1.* Covici, $2.00.[3]
(Willard Maas, Poetry, 52: 101, May 1938 . . . William Carlos Williams, New Republic, 94: 141, March 9, 1938 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 12, Feb. 20, 1938.)

Delmore Schwartz: *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities.*[1] New Directions, $2.50.
(George M. O'Donnell, Poetry, 54: 105, May 1939 . . . Mark Van Doren, Kenyon, 1: 208, Spring 1939 . . . Louise Bogan, Nation, 148: 353, March 25, 1939 . . . R. P. Blackmur, Partisan, v. 6, no. 3, Spring 1939.)

Genevieve Taggard: *Collected Poems.* Harpers, $2.50.
(Alfred Kreymborg, Poetry, 54: 280, Aug. 1939 . . . Dudley Fitts, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 10, Jan. 7, 1939 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 5: 568, Winter, 1940.)

John Wheelwright: *Mirrors of Venus: A Novel in Sonnets.* Humphries, $2.50.
(Paul Rosenfeld, Nation, 147: 384, Oct. 15, 1938.)

E. B. White: *The Fox of Peapack.*[1] Harpers, $2.00.

William Carlos Williams: *Complete Collected Poems, 1906-1938.* New Directions, $3.00.
(Ruth Lechlitner, Poetry, 54: 326, Sept. 1939 . . . Philip Horton, New Republic, 97: 208, Dec. 21, 1938 . . . Horace Gregory, Books, p. 10, Feb. 5, 1939 . . . Paul Rosenfeld, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 16, Feb. 11, 1939.)

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

AMERICAN POETIC DRAMA; ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

Alfred Kreymborg: *The Planets.* (For radio.) Farrar $1.25.
Archibald MacLeish: *Air Raid.* (For radio.) Harcourt, 75c.
Stanley Young: *Robin Landing.* Farrar, $2.00.

James Laughlin (editor): *New Directions 1938.* New Directions, $2.50.
Selden Rodman (editor): *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry.* Random, $3.00 (Modern Library, 1939, $1.25).

Herman Hagedorn: *Edwin Arlington Robinson: A Biography.* Macmillan, $3.00.
Harriet Monroe: *A Poet's Life.* (Autobiography.) Macmillan, $5.00.
John Crowe Ransom: *The World's Body.* Scribners, $2,75.
Eunice Tietjens: *The World at My Shoulder.* Macmillan, $3.00.
Edmund Wilson: *The Triple Thinkers.* Harcourt, $2.75.
Morton Dauwen Zabel (editor): *Literary Opinion in America.* Harpers, $3.25.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

Claude C. Abbott (editor): *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Oxford, $6.00.
Richard Aldington: *The Crystal World.* (Poems.) Doubleday, $1.75.[3]
W. H. Auden (editor): *Oxford Book of Light Verse.* Oxford, $3.00.
Louis MacNeice: *Modern Poetry: A Personal Essay.* Oxford, $3.00.
Louis MacNeice: *Out of the Picture.* (Poetic play.) Harcourt, $1.75.
Stephen Spender: *Trial of a Judge.* (Poetic play.) Random, $1.50.[3]
Rex Warner: *Poems.* Knopf, $2.00.
W. B. Yeats: *Autobiography.* Macmillan, $5.00.
W. B. Yeats: *The Herne's Egg.* (Poetic plays.) Macmillan, $2.00.
W. B. Yeats: *A Vision.* Macmillan, $3.00.

Bertolt Brecht: *A Penny for the Poor,* translated by Desmond I. Vesey and Christopher Isherwood. Hillman-Curl, $2.50.
Alexis Leger (St.-J. Perse): *Anabasis,* translated by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, $1.25.
One Hundred Poems from the Palatine Anthology, translated by Dudlley Fitts. New Directions, $2.50.
Rainer Maria Rilke: *Translations from the Poetry,* by M. D. Herter Norton. Norton, $2.50.

1939

AMERICAN POETRY:

Robert P. Tristram Coffin: *Collected Poems.* Macmillan, $3.00.
Reuel Denney: *The Connecticut River.*[1] Yale (Series of Younger Poets), $2.00.
(Morgan Blum, Poetry, 55: 274, Feb. 1940 . . . Selden Rodman, Nation, 150: 103, Jan. 27, 1940.)
August Derleth: *Man Track Here.* Ritten House, $2.00.
Babette Deutsch: *One Part Love.* Oxford, $1.75.
(Horace Gregory, Books, p. 4, Dec. 17, 1939.)
T. S. Eliot: *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.* Harcourt, $1.25.
Paul Engle: *Corn.* Doubleday, $2.00.
(John Gould Fletcher, Poetry, 54: 342, Sept. 1939 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 3, June 4, 1939.)
Alvin Foote: *Poems.*[1] Caxton (Caldwell, Idaho), $1.50.
Lloyd Frankenberg: *The Red Kite.*[1] Farrar, $1.75.
(Nelson Algren, Poetry, 56: 46, April 1940.)
Robert Frost: *Collected Poems, 1939.* Holt, $5.00. (Also Halcyon House, N. Y., $1.69.)
(Muriel Rukeyser, Poetry, 54: 218, July 1939 . . . Cleanth Brooks, Jr., Kenyon, 1: 325, Summer 1939 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 5: 568, Winter, 1940.)
John Holmes: *Fair Warning.* Holt, $2.00.
Christopher La Farge: *Each to the Other.*[2] Coward, $2.75.
John Russell McCarthy: *Five Times the World.*[2] Decker (Prairie City, Ill.,), $2.00.
C. F. McIntyre: *Cafes and Cathedrals.* Oxford, $2.00.
Archibald MacLeish: *America Was Promises.* Duell, 75c.
(John M. Brinnin, Poetry, 56: 43, April 1940 . . . John Peale Bishop, Nation, 150: 132, Feb. 3, 1940 . . . Selden Rodman, Saturday Review of Literature, p. 7, Dec. 9, 1939 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Partisan, 8: 128, March-April 1941.)

Louise McNeill: *Gauley Mountain.* Harcourt, $2.00.
Edgar Lee Masters: *More People.* Appleton-Century, $2.50.
Josephine Miles: *Lines at Intersection.*[1] Macmillan, $1.60.
(Morton Dauwen Zabel, Southern Review, 5: 568, Winter 1940.)
Edna St. Vincent Millay: *Huntsman, What Quarry?* Harpers, $2.00.
(Paul Rosenfeld, Poetry, 55: 47, Oct. 1939 . . . Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 99: 135, June 7, 1939 . . . Roberta Teale Swartz, Kenyon, 1: 465, Autumn 1939.)
Kenneth Patchen: *First Will and Testament.* New Directions, $2.50.
(Amos N. Wilder, Poetry, 56: 32, April 1940 . . . Ruth Lechlitner, Books, p. 5, Dec. 24, 1939 . . . Randall Jarrell, Partisan, 7: 164, March-April 1940.)
William Pillin: *Poems.*[1] Decker (Prairie City, Ill.), $2.00.
Kenneth Porter: *The High Plains.*[1] Day, $2.00.
Muriel Rukeyser: *A Turning Wind.* Viking, $2.00.
(Philip Horton, New Republic, 102: 123, Jan. 22, 1940 . . . T. C. Wilson, Poetry, 55: 214, Jan. 1940 . . . C. A. Millspaugh, Kenyon, 2: 359, Summer 1940.)
Leonora Speyer: *Slow Wall.* Knopf, $2.00.
Mark Van Doren: *Collected Poems, 1922-1938.* (Pulitzer.) Holt, $3.50.
(Howard Baker, Books, p. 4, April 23, 1939 . . . John Peale Bishop, Nation, 149: 714, Dec. 23, 1939 . . . S. I. Hayakawa, Poetry, 54: 157, June 1939 . . . F. O. Matthiessen, Kenyon, 1: 453, Autumn 1939.)

AMERICAN POETIC DRAMA; ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

T. S. Eliot: *The Family Reunion.* Harcourt, $1.50.
John Holmes (editor): *The Poet's Work.* Oxford, $2.00.
James Laughlin (editor): *New Directions 1939.* New Directions, $3.00.
Cleanth Brooks, Jr.: *Modern Poetry and the Tradition.* Univ. of North Carolina, $3.00.
Elizabeth Schneider: *Aesthetic Motive.* Macmillan, $1.75.
Louis Untermeyer: *From Another World.* Harcourt, $3.00.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood: *On the Frontier.* (Poetic play.) Random, $1.75.
W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood: *Journey to a War.* (Poems and prose.) Random, $3.00.
Robert Graves: *Collected Poems.* Random, $2.50.
Louis MacNeice: *Autumn Journal.* (A poem.) Random, $1.50.
F. Garcia Lorca: *Blood Wedding,* translated by Gilbert Neiman. New Directions, 50c.[3]
F. Garcia Lorca: *Poems,* translated by Stephen Spender and J. L. Gili. Oxford, $2.00.
Rainer Maria Rilke: *Duino Elegies,* translated by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. Norton, $2.00.
Arthur Rimbaud: *A Season in Hell,* translated by Delmore Schwartz. New Directions, $2.50 (revised, 1940, $1.00).
Arthur Rimbaud: *Some Poems,* translated by Lionel Abel. Exiles Press (N. Y.), $1.00.
Sophocles: *Antigone,* translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, $1.50.
Enid Starkie: *Arthur Rimbaud.* Norton, $3.75.

1940

AMERICAN POETRY:

George Abbe: *Wait for These Things.*[1] Holt, $2.00.
(Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 10, July 14, 1940 . . . Robert Lidell Lowe, Poetry, 57: 332, Feb. 1941.)
Conrad Aiken: *And in the Human Heart.* Duell, $1.25.
(Randall Jarrell, New Republic, 104: 221, Feb. 17, 1941 . . . Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, 104: 281, Feb. 24, 1941 . . . Paul Landis, Accent, 1: 126, Winter 1941.)
William Rose Benet: *With Wings as Eagles.* Dodd, $2.00.
Nelson Del Bittner: *Paper Faces.*[1] Decker (Prairie City, Ill.), $1.00.

1—The author's first book of poems.
2—A book-length poem.
3—Out of print.

John Ciardi: *Homeward to America.*[1] Holt, $1.50.
(Frajam Taylor, Poetry, 56: 237, Sept. 1940 . . . Ruth Lechlitner, Books, p. 13, May 26, 1940.)
Hubert Creekmore: *Personal Sun.*[1] Decker (Prairie City, Ill.), 50c.
H. D.: *Collected Poems.* Liveright, $2.50.
Kenneth Fearing: *Collected Poems.* Random, $2.00.
(Weldon Kees, Poetry, 57: 264, Jan. 1941 . . . John Peale Bishop, Nation, 151: 340, Oct. 12, 1940 . . . Kerker Quinn, Accent, 1: 125, Winter 1941.)
Kimball Flaccus: *The White Stranger.* Scribners, $2.50.
Charles Henri Ford: *A B C's.* Decker (Prairie City, Ill.), 50c.
Raymond Holden: *The Arrow at the Heel.* Holt, $2.00.
J. Calder Joseph: *Narration with a Red Piano.*[1] Little Man (Cincinnati), 50c.
Christopher La Farge: *Poems and Portraits.* Coward, $1.75.
Raymond E. F. Larsson: *Weep and Prepare.* Coward, $2.50.
(John Peale Bishop, New Republic, 103: 563, Oct. 1940.)
Lawrence Lee: *The Tomb of Thomas Jefferson.* Scribners, $1.50.
Edna St. Vincent Millay: *Make Bright the Arrows.* Harpers, $1.75.
(Babette Deutsch, New Republic, 103: 761, Dec. 2, 1940 . . . John Peale Bishop, Nation, 151: 563, Dec. 7, 1940.)
Howard Nutt: *Special Laughter.*[1] (Introduction by Richard Wright.) Decker (Prairie City, Ill.), $1.00.
(Ruth Lechlitner, Books, p. 12, Feb. 2, 1941 . . . Conrad Aiken, New Republic, 104: 670, May 12, 1941.)
Elder Olson: *The Cock of Heaven.*[2] Macmillan, $2.00.
(Henry Rago, Poetry, 57: 214, Dec. 1940 . . . Eugene Jolas, Living Age, 359: 195, Oct. 1940 . . . Randall Jarrell, New Republic, 103: 797, Dec. 9, 1940.)
Ezra Pound: *Cantos LII-LXXI.* New Directions, $2.50.
(J. V. Healy, Poetry, 57: 200, Dec. 1940 . . . Robert Fitzgerald, Accent, 1: 121, Winter 1941 . . . Randall Jarrell, New Republic, 103: 797, Dec. 9, 1940.)
Frederic Prokosch: *Death at Sea.* Harpers, $2.00.
(Ruth Lechlitner, Poetry, 57: 327, Feb. 1941 . . . Kerker Quinn, Books, p. 15, Jan. 12, 1941 . . . Randall Jarrell, New Republic, 103: 797, Dec. 9, 1940.)
Kenneth Rexroth: *In What Hour.*[1] Macmillan, $1.75.
(Gordon Sylander, Partisan, 7: 482, Nov.-Dec. 1940.)
Elizabeth Madox Roberts: *Song in the Meadow.* Viking, $2.00.
Sydney Salt: *New Journey.* Black Faun (Rochester), $2.00.
Wilbert Snow: *Maine Tides.* Holt, $2.00.
Belle Turnbull: *Goldboat.*[1,2] Houghton, $2.00.
Parker Tyler: *The Metaphor in the Jungle.*[1] Decker, $2.00.
Marie de L. Welch: *This Is Our Own.* Macmillan, $1.25.
John Wheelwright: *Political Self-Portrait, 1919-1939.* Humphries, $2.50.
Oscar Williams: *The Man Coming Toward You.* Oxford, $2.00.
(Lionel Abel, Poetry, 56: 214, July 1940 . . . Morton Dauwen Zabel, Nation, 150: 572, May 4, 1940.)

AMERICAN ANTHOLOGIES; CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY:

Five Young American Poets. (Mary Barnard, John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, W. R. Moses, George Marion O'Donnell.) New Directions, $2.50.
R. P. Blackmur: *The Expense of Greatness.* Arrow Editions, $3.00.
Van Wyck Brooks: *New England: Indian Summer, 1865-1915.* Dutton, $3.75.
Elizabeth Drew and John L. Sweney: *Directions in Modern Poetry.* Norton, $2.75.
Edwin Arlington Robinson: *Selected Letters.* Macmillan, $2.50.
Henry W. Wells: *New Poets from Old.* Columbia, $3.50.
Amos N. Wilder: *The Spiritual Aspects of the New Poetry.* Harpers. $2.50.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL WRITING PUBLISHED IN AMERICA:

W. H. Auden: *Another Time.* (Poems.) Random, $2.00.

David Daiches: *Poetry and the Modern World.* (Criticism.) Univ. of Chicago, $2.50.
F. R. Higgins: *The Gap of Brightness.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $1.25.
A. E. Housman: *Collected Poems.* Holt, $3.00.
A. M. Klein: *Hath Not a Jew.* (Poems.) Behrman's (N. Y.), $1.50.
Louis MacNeice: *Poems, 1925-1940.* Random, $2.50.
Ruth Pitter: *The Spirit Watches.* (Poems.) Macmillan, $1.50.
Dylan Thomas: *The World I Breathe.* (Poems, stories.) New Directions, $2.50.
Henry Treece: *Towards a Personal Armageddon.* (A poem.) Decker, $1.50.
W. B. Yeats: *Last Poems and Plays.* Macmillan, $1.75.
W. B. Yeats: *Letters on Poetry to Dorothy Wellesley.* Oxford, $2.50.
F. Garcia Lorca: *The Poet in New York,* translated by Rolfe Humphries. Norton, $2.50.
Stéphane Mallarmé: *Herodias,* translated by Clark Mills. Decker, $2.00.
Rainer Maria Rilke: *Fifty Selected Poems,* translated by C. F. McIntyre. Univ. of California, $2.00.
Rainer Maria Rilke: *Wartime Letters, 1914-1921,* translated by M. D. Herter Norton. Norton, $2.00.

A CHECKLIST OF AMERICAN POETS

This alphabetical rearrangement of the main bibliography is designed to show how many books of poetry each American poet published in the 1930's, and in what years. Bold-face type indicates a writer's first book of poems. The index is complete for every poet except Bynner, Cane, Coffin, Hillyer, Nathan, Parker, Snow, and Wurdemann, who have been represented throughout the bibliography only by collected editions or Pulitzer Prize winners.

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WALLACE STEVENS:
The News and the Weather

I

The blue sun in his red cockade
Walked the United States today,

Taller than any eye could see,
Older than any man could be.

He caught the flags and the picket-lines
Of people, round the auto-works:

His manner slickened them. He milled
In the rowdy serpentines. He drilled.

His red cockade topped off a parade.
His manner took what it could find,

In the greenish greens he flung behind
And the sound of pianos in his mind.

II

Solange, the magnolia to whom I spoke,
A nigger tree and with a nigger name,

To which I spoke, near which I stood and spoke,
I am Solange, euphonious bane, she said.

I am a poison at the winter's end,
Taken with withered weather, crumpled clouds

To smother the wry spirit's misery.
Inhale the purple fragrance. It becomes

Almost a nigger fragment, a *mystique*
For the spirit left helpless by the intelligence.

There's a moment in the year, Solange,
When the deep breath fetches another year of life.

JOHN DOS PASSOS:

*The Very Slaughter of the Witnesses**

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT PURGE THAT ENDED THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658 on September 3rd, the day of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester. He had managed to make England mighty in Europe, but he had failed in two of his great aims, the building of a league of protestant nations on the Continent, and the setting up of a reformed and stable representative system at home. In spite of the moderation of his repressive measures, the efficiency of his military government and his able steering and handling of men, he had ruled a sullen country.

After his death the organization he had built up kept headway for a while on sheer inertia. Richard, his easygoing son, was proclaimed Lord Protector in his stead and assumed the office at Whitehall amid declarations of approval from the army, the navy, the churches, and the country generally; but London had hardly recovered from the ponderous pageantry of Oliver's lying-in-state and his vast funeral procession and burial in the Henry Seventh chapel in Westminster Abbey before it began to be evident that the Protectorate was slowly running down. The government flopped from tack to tack like a sailboat that's coming up into the wind with nobody at the helm.

Government seems to have been something cheerful and ineffectual Richard Cromwell couldn't keep his mind on, so Thurloe, who had been Oliver's political secretary and head of his secret service and was a good strawboss, but no leader, was the real power.

The Protectorate's first need was money. A Parliament was called, not through the partially reformed constituencies that Oliver had had such trouble with, but by the old uneven system. Among the mass of Thurloe's nominees and Cromwellian rightthinkers a strong minority of republicans appeared at Westminster. Among them were Vane, Neville, Marten, Scot, Ludlow, Haselrig: faces that had not been seen in St. Stephens' for five years.

The political presses started to work again. The pamphleteers came out of their holes. Theoretical discussion revived. The liberal republicanism of ten years before came back for a short bright afterglow.

During the next two years English politics went through one of those dreamlike stages of recapitulation of the past which induced Karl Marx's famous remark that events first come on the stage of history as tragedy

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*A chapter from Mr. Dos Passos' book, *The Ground We Stand On,* to be published soon by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

and then are repeated as farce. The republicans were not strong enough to do more than form a center of opposition to the Protectorate in Parliament. But discontent began to stir in the army. A new council of officers in permanent session appeared at Wallingford House. If the Good Old Cause were to be revived army magnates like Fleetwood and Desborough felt that the revival should be in their hands. Their first success was in forcing Richard to dissolve his Parliament.

Everybody began to call for the restoration of the Rump as it had been the day Oliver drove the members out of doors. When survivors of that body were called together William Prynne was found sitting in the house like Banquo's ghost and neither threats nor pleading could induce him to leave. Other Presbyterian members of the old Long Parliament gathered round and were only kept out by force when they tried to come back for the next day's sitting.

Meanwhile Richard, finding that nobody was paying any attention to him, resigned. On being assured that the debts of his public office would be attended to, he retired with some relief from Whitehall to a house in the country where he lived on modestly for fiftyodd years, well into the second decade of the eighteenth century, known to the neighbors as 'Tumble-Down Dick.'

The Rump was now in the position of trying to force a theoretical republic on a country that didn't want one. The Roundhead religious fervor of Civil War days that had kept the republican theory whitehot with godliness had given way to a mood of cynical lassitude. The men who now burned with religious zeal were Quakers, the followers of Fox and Naylor, Fifth Monarchy men who believed that the second coming of Christ was at hand, evangelists like John Bunyan; they had renounced any effort to deal with the world men live in; that was all the Flesh and the Devil. They dwelt in the world to come. Monarchy and republic were all the same to their extreme nihilism.

In their last gasp of revival, republican hopes had to rely on the purely lay thinking of upperclass intellectuals. For a while the ideas of an amiable curlyhaired gentleman named James Harrington were in the ascendant.

James Harrington came of an old and courtly family. He had traveled a great deal abroad. Like Walter Ralegh, he had been a great reader of Machiavelli and admired above all things the Venetian and Dutch republics. In politics he was of the old Roman school of Harry Marten and Neville. He had been appointed gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles First when that King was shut up on the Isle of Wight and, in spite of his ardent republicanism, had felt towards him a warm personal attachment. A scholar and thinker more than a practical politician, he had, after some difficulty with the censors, managed to publish a scheme of government, dedicated to Oliver Protector, under the name of *Oceana*.

Harrington was a materialist like Hobbes but arrived at the opposite conclusion. Hobbes held substantially that might was right. Harrington

held that political power inexorably followed economic power, but that power must be so organized as to avoid its abuse. He planned a republic of landowners, who would vote by secret ballot for a deliberative and executive assembly in which all authorized members of the community should hold office in rotation. He devised the system of balance and division of powers that later so obsessed the framers of the American Constitution.

He spoke, he always claimed, only as a private man, who hoped by the reasonableness of his theories to convince the practical politicians who would put them into effect. He was a man of great personal charm and had the reputation of being a pungent talker, although a wooden writer. He held forth at a club called the 'Rota' that met in the evenings at the Turk's Head in New Palace Yard.

For a while the Rota was the intellectual center of London. Cyriack Skinner, Milton's pupil and the nephew of that Mrs. Sadlier, Coke's daughter, who wrote such tart letters to Roger Williams, was a frequent attendant and often presided. Pepys, as a young man about town on the make, sat in on several meetings without making much out of them. Vane seems to have thought highly of Harrington's ideas and planned to incorporate them in the scheme for the constituent assembly to re-establish the Commonwealth of England on firm simple bases that after all these years was still his dream.

But meanwhile the government under the restored Rump had come into direct conflict with the army leaders. Major General Lambert was the little Cromwell who drew up his troops at Westminster one fine day and in a second tiny *coup d'état* kept the members from going into the House. He set up a weak sort of compromise government under the name of 'The Committee of Safety,' in which leaders of both parliament and army parties were included. After two months of wrangling and hesitation the army leaders could think of nothing better to do than to set the Rump back on its seat again; so amid cheers of the soldiery and the jeers and derision of the Cromwellian and royalist factions, the doors of the House of Commons were thrown open and the Rumpers and their Speaker solemnly invited back in to take charge of the country.

All this time General Monk, the man of destiny, the beermused beefeater so silent and inarticulate that people never knew whether his words were a result of deep design or plain drunken befuddlement, who commanded the troops in Scotland, was marching gradually into England. He came so slowly and seemed so disarmingly muddled in his own mind that the republicans hardly noticed his advance.

The royalists, who had touched off the summer before an untimely rising that Lambert had easily squelched, now held their breath and waited. Freed from the fear of Cromwell's secret agents, their network of letters, messages, correspondence in code, nods and winks, drinkings of the King's health was spreading fast over England.

With a certain amount of countenance from Fairfax, who came out

of his lordly retirement for the purpose, Monk incorporated Lambert's army which had advanced in martial array to meet him, into his own without a blow being struck and slipped quietly into London. He was offered lodgings at Whitehall and invited to appear before Parliament.

The royalists, both of the old Cavalier and the new Presbyterian and Cromwellian stripe, were playing their game cautiously and well. The fruit was ripening on the tree for them. Soon it would fall into their mouths.

Monk spoke vaguely of a 'settlement' in a speech to the Rump couched in such confused and rambling terms that nobody knew what the devil he meant or whether he meant anything at all. Harry Marten, whose high spirits nothing could dampen, said of Monk that he was like a man who had been sent for to make a suit of clothes and, instead of needles and cloth had turned up with a bag of carpenter's tools; and when the customer had complained that a hammer and nails wasn't just what was needed had answered: "It matters not; I'll do your work well enough, I warrant you."

But if Monk showed no sign of what he wanted to do, William Prynne did. Doubt never entered that narrow mind. What he wanted was to get himself and the rest of the members who had been run out by Pride's Purge so many years before back into Parliament. When Prynne had an idea he was not a man to keep quiet about it. For several years now he had been covering the bookstalls with tracts, stating the case for the Secluded Members, until gradually he had produced in the puzzled and jaded popular mind the idea that the first step to the famous Settlement was the restoration of the Long Parliament in its pristine splendor, and with it due constitutional procedure. It was largely Prynne's singlehanded agitation that lashed up the City of London against the Rump and began to make it appear that the Rump was all that stood in the way of that Settlement that all men desired and that every man interpreted according to his own secret hopes.

The London Common Council came to the point of urging the Lord Mayor to stop paying taxes to Parliament, and the Rumpers called on General Monk to subdue the City which they claimed was in a state of insurrection. General Monk obeyed; sullenly, but he obeyed.

He occupied the walls and unhinged the gates and sent patrols through the streets to chase into back alleys the groups of riotous apprentices who were beginning to rag the puritans. But after two days of repression he suddenly announced that he would dine with the Lord Mayor whose citizens his troops had been harrying.

His reception, amid the plate and pompous gravies of a Lord Mayor's feast, was chilly at first, but it improved as course followed course. Warmed at last by the good dinner and the plentiful toasts, he went with the Lord Mayor to Guildhall, where he made a speech to the Council assembled in which he announced that he was going to make common cause with the City against the Rump and to call for a 'full and free' Parliament.

Immediately the City went crazy. Bells rang. Cannons were fired. Windows of puritan shops were broken. Learned divines were hustled and had stones and mud thrown after them as they scuttled to shelter. Bonfires were lit and everybody started roasting pieces of rump in the open. It was the beginning of the twoday brawl known in after years as 'The Roasting of the Rump.'

The smell of roast meat had hardly cleared from the dank wintry air of the foggy streets when the Secluded Members were marched by Monk's soldiery into the House of Commons. To the dismay of the Rumpers they immediately formed a majority and took up the order of the day of the Long Parliament where it had been broken off on December 18th, 1648. England was going through all the stages of the Revolution of that year, but this time in reverse.

In the popular mind the Good Old Cause was dead, but only the vague concept of a Settlement had yet taken its place. There were still fervent republicans and separatists in the army, and the best minds in England, Harrington's, Vane's, Milton's were doggedly at work with tracts and appeals to stem the tide before all the new institutions on which so much blood and energy had been spent should be swept away. Milton's last important pamphlet, his *Readie and Easie Way to establish a Free Commonwealth* is addressed, in a sort of desperation, to General Monk himself. Written with the touching earnestness of a man who saw clearly what was happening, it was a last minute plea to his fellowcitizens not to give up the great hopes of the last years: ". . . After our Liberty and Religion thus prosperously fought for, gain'd and many Years possess'd, except in those unhappy Interruptions, which God hath remov'd; now that nothing remains, but in all reason the certain hopes of a speedy and immediat Settlement for ever in a firm and free Commonwealth; for this extoll'd and magnifi'd Nation, regardless both of Honour won, or Delivrances vouchsaf't from Heaven, to fall back, or rather to creep back so poorly, as it seems the multitude would, to their once abjur'd and detest'd Thralldom of Kingship; to be ourselves the Slanderers of our own just and religious Deeds, though done by som to covetous and ambitious Ends, yet not therefore to be stain'd with thir Infamy, or they to asperse the Integrity of others; and yet these now, by revolting from the Conscience of Deeds well done, both in Church and State, to throw away and forsake, or rather to betray a just and noble Cause for the Mixture of bad Men who have ill manag'd and abus'd it, (which had our Fathers done heretofore, and on the same pretense deserted true Religion, what had long ere this become of our Gospel, and all Protestant Reformation so much intermixt with Avarice and Ambition of som Reformers?) ; and by thus relapsing to verify all the bitter Predictions of our triumphing Enemies, who will now think they wisely discern'd and justly censur'd both us and all our Actions as rash, rebellious, hypocritical and impious, not only argues a strange degenerate Contagion suddenly spread amongst us, fitted and prepar'd for new Slavery,

but will render us a Scorn and Derision to all our Neighbors."

The pamphlet came out in the late February or early March of 1660. It's quite possible that the last words were dictated by the blind Latin Secretary during the days of the riots against godly men (fanatics, they were now beginning to be called) in that house in Petty France where his second wife (his 'late espous'd Saint') had recently died. They were full of bitter feeling: "What I have spoken is the Language of that which is not call'd amiss *The Good Old Cause*: if it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange I hope, than convincing to Backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to Trees and Stones; and had none to cry to, but with the Prophet, O Earth, Earth, Earth! to tell the very Soil itself, what her perverse Inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke, should happen (which Thou suffer not, who didst creat Mankind free; not Thou next, who didst redeem us from being Servants of Men!) to be the last words of our expiring Liberty; and may reclaim, though they be now chusing them a Captain back for Egypt, to bethink themselves a little and consider whither they are rushing; to exhort this Torrent also of the People, not to be so impetuous, but to keep thir due Channel; at length recovering and uniting thir better Resolutions, now that they see already how open and unbounded the insolence and rage is of our common Enemies, to stay these ruinous Proceedings, justly and timely fearing to what a Precipice of Destruction the deluge of this epidemic Madness would hurry, through the general defection of a misguided and abus'd Multitude."

The royalist reaction swept through England like a brush fire. Twenty years of the Great Rebellion had not been enough to break up the old habits of feudal subjection and religious ceremonial. People were sick of sermons, of the strain of trying to lift themselves by their own bootstraps into a rational life according to the scriptures. They felt a real need for the pageantry and the bootlicking and the bowing and scraping before nobles and bishops and gentry. They wanted the Christmas puddings and the bearbaitings, and to feel above them the candlelit glittering world of their betters, and the tapping of redlacquered heels on polished floors, and the whoring and dicing and the skylarking of royalty.

Already a faint sound of revelry could be heard from Charles' court across the Channel. High and low yearned for the old hogwallow.

Quick to sniff the new set of the wind, politicians and clergymen and men of letters were busy in corners quietly changing their coats. Merry England was to have one more carnival, a grim rather hollow carnival, out of the feudal age before it fell again under the subjection of the men of trade and money, this time of a moneyed class that was to substitute a dry formalism in politics and religion for the passion for a better world that had driven men to think and fight and die under the Commonwealth.

On March 16th the Long Parliament put itself to sleep, leaving General Monk as dictator while the elections were going on for the 'free and full'

Parliament which was called to convene forty days later.

The new House of Commons met, privately overwhelmingly royalist, and with it a timid revival of the House of Lords. After considerable sleight of hand so that everybody should be protected in case of a slip-up, Monk, who had been in secret communication with the Court for months, got a letter from Charles Second at Breda in Holland into the hands of the Speaker.

The Commons went about the Restoration on tiptoes as if they were afraid that the ghost of Oliver Cromwell would suddenly rise from the Abbey and forbid them. The Speaker read the royal letter, treating it gingerly as if it had fallen from the sky. The letter promised amnesty to all young Charles Stuart's loving subjects with the tiny exception of those directly implicated in his father's death. The Commons made a pretty speech in reply in the form of a resolution that 'the Government is, and by right ought to be, by King, Lords and Commons' and England was a monarchy again.

Long before Charles Second and his court landed at Dover amid such universal delirium that Mr. Pepys, invited out for the occasion on Admiral Montague's flagship the *Naseby*, was so anxious to shoot off the first gun in the royal salute that he put his right eye too near the touch hole and almost blew it out, the poets, and particularly those who had been a little over-fervent for the past regime, had been getting ready their complimentary verses. Dryden particularly, who was to be the ornament of the reign, had a good deal to unsay. He had been a clerk in Thurloe's office and had turned out stanzas for the Lord Protector. *Astraea Redux* did the trick.

The keynote of the year was struck by Abraham Cowley with his

> Come mighty Charles! Desire of Nations, come!
> Come you triumphant exile, home.
> He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
> Of a whole land which does at once rejoice;
> I hear the united people's sacred voice.
> The sea which circles us around
> Ne'er to land so loud a sound;
> The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale
> And swells up every sail;
> The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all;
> The artificial joy's drowned by the natural.

The Ode gives one a feeling of having been written under forced draft; but perhaps a man who feels the hangman's noose around his neck can be forgiven the occasional straining of an anapaest.

If the great majority of English men of letters scuttled to cover with little dignity there were two men whose behavior, each in a different way, was a bloodheating model of civic courage. Blind Milton fought for the Commonwealth to the last with every weapon he had. Andrew Marvell, who had been his assistant in the office of Latin Secretary and had turned out far better verses than Dryden's in Oliver's praise, was elected to the new

Parliament from his own home town of Hull, and went through all the revolutions of the period, quietly attending to the business of his constituents, wittily saying his say to the last, and never eating a republican word.

It was men like Marvell whose lives formed the link between the liberal republicans of the seventeenth century and the liberal Whigs of the eighteenth. His description of Charles' arrival is more to the point, and better verse than Cowley's; certainly it's less windy:

> Of a tall stature and sable hue,
> Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
> Twelve years complete he suffered in exile
> And kept his fathers' asses all the while.
> At length, by wonderful impulse of fate
> The people call him home to help the State;
> And what is more, they send him money too,
> And clothe him all from head to foot anew;
> Nor did he such small favors then disdain
> Who in his thirtieth year began his reign,
> In a slashed doublet then he came ashore,
> And dubbed poor Palmer's wife his royal whore.

The illuminations had hardly guttered out along the windows of public buildings on the streets that had been graced by the royal progress when the hue and cry began after the great men of the Commonwealth. At first it was only the men who had sat on the High Court and put their names to the first Charles' deathwarrant who were arrested, but gradually, as the courtiers tasted blood, the ban was broadened to include all the powerful personalities of the fallen regime. Although Charles himself seems to have had a certain sense of fair play, it did not apply to men he feared politically or whom he considered his father's murderers. Once the reaction got under way, there was no stopping it until every memory of the English republic had been defaced and uprooted. There's nothing comparable to this hacking of twenty great and generous years out of English history except the extraordinary falsification of Russian history that has gone on in our time under Stalin, who has made the names of a whole generation of Lenin's coworkers as if they had never been. In Parliament, William Prynne led the bloodthirsty pack.

Charles' declaration of general amnesty at Breda had contained the clause: *Excepting only such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament.* All the Restoration year Parliament was busy broadening and widening that clause, until no man who had held office during the preceding twenty years was safe. First it was decided that only seven of those who had sat on the High Court should be put to death, but once the trials and executions started the intoxication of blood spread and more and more victims were demanded.

Every slaughterhouse detail of the ancient penalty for high treason was meticulously revived. Fashionable London crowded to Charing Cross

to see the kingkillers hanged, cut down before they were dead, then disemboweled and the heart torn out and held up by the executioner. Finally the carcase was hacked into four quarters that were trundled in four directions through the city.

To a man the kingkillers met their deaths with courage and made last speeches in the old puritan style defending the Good Old Cause. Major General Harrison, whom Roger Williams had written of as being 'a very gallant, most deserving heavenly man, but most highflown for the Kingdom of the Saints,' was the first man put to death. Hugh Peters, the New England preacher, young Winthrop's father-in-law, had delivered the sermon on the day of Charles' execution, and an absurd story had gotten around that he had been the actual executioner; royalist London saw him die with particular satisfaction.

When they ran out of regicide justices, the courts went on taking the heads off any Commonwealthsman who refused to crawl on his belly before the new order. Sir Harry Vane, who had been promised mercy because it was well known that he had been opposed to Charles' execution, ruined himself by his proud and cool defense of his political career at his trial. ". . . And whatever defections did happen by apostates, hypocrites, and time-serving worldlings, there was a party amongst them that continued firm sincere and chaste unto the last, and loved it better than their very lives; of which number I am not ashamed to profess myself to be . . ." he said when all legal arguments failed him. Charles himself wrote Hyde, then at the peak of his power as Lord Chancellor, that as a result of Vane's bearing at his trial he was too dangerous a man to let live, 'if he could be honestly put out of the way.'

In deference to his rank he was beheaded on Tower Hill. When he had delivered half of his dying speech the sheriff snatched the paper on which it was written out of his hand. Like Ralegh's, his last words, when he tried to continue speaking to the crowd round the scaffold, were drowned out by the trumpeters. Sikes, his biographer, quotes him as saying quietly when the sheriff's men went through his pockets to take away the notes he had prepared for the speech, "It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man."

Not content with slaughtering the living, the royalists dug up the dead. After ghoulish indignities, the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton were hacked from their carcases and the skulls set up on Westminster Hall, so that no man should ever dare what they had dared.

A few republicans escaped to America and to Switzerland. Algernon Sydney, the brilliant young nobleman who had led the cavalry charge at Marston Moor, was on a diplomatic mission at the time of the Restoration. Friends advised him not to come home. He roamed around Europe for years in exile, finding a vent for his energies in working up his *Reflections on Government* that Thomas Jefferson in the next century was so to admire. Harry Marten, the genial wisecracker of the Long Parliament,

was condemned to prison for life, and died many years later in an old castle in Wales. James Harrington was kept several years in jail and came out, not altogether mad, but a broken eccentric with the strange delusion that bees and flies were constantly being engendered by his sweat. Where the executioner had left off the great plague finished the business of clearing away the old generation of Englishmen, as the great fire wiped out seventeenth century London. There were great minds in England after the Restoration, but never a generation that had such mighty hopes and walked so fearlessly on the earth as the men of the Commonwealth.

Although his political works were rooted out of the bookstores and turned over to the hangman to be burned, Milton escaped with his life and lived on for fourteen years after the Restoration. He seems to have been hidden by his friends the day King Charles was proclaimed in London and to have led an underground life, spirited from place to place, for some years. He was committed to jail and then released. In spite of the fact that he was considered a notorious criminal by a large part of the population his name was kept off the proscription lists. His many friends, of whom Masson suggests that Andrew Marvell was possibly one of the most effective, though not the most powerful, managed to get him released and finally to induce the authorities to let him live and publish quietly in London. With the publication of *Paradise Lost* a new reputation sprang up about the blind relic of a dead heroic age, and people began to forget his brimstone republicanism. But he ever after felt himself a Samson among the Philistines:

> Blind among enemies . . .
> . . . I, dark in light, exposed
> To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
> Within doors or without, still as a fool
> In power of others, never in my own,—
> Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half,
> O dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon.

With his daily playing of old music and his courteous sarcastic scholarly talk out of another age he managed to show outward equanimity during the long quiet gloaming of his life to those who came to see him. Richardson the painter describes him sitting "in a grey coarse cloth coat, near the door of his house near Bunhill Fields without Moorgate, in warm sunny weather to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality."

DORIS BENARDETE:

The Golden Harp

The men in the saloon looked different from the refined, high-toned men Irene used to stare at every Sunday as she sat outside the shut door of the saloon with her friend Betty Benelli, listening to Betty talk about her surveyor, and watching for the cop on the beat. These men, walking indifferently past the darkened saloon up from the Ferry below, shone like polished glass. They looked clean and, Betty would say, rich and decent. They looked as if they lived in houses with real white bath tubs, as if they never had to go with towel and soap and clean underwear to the public baths around the corner. They wouldn't do wrong by a girl, Betty would say, not men like my surveyor. The man she had been admiring for about two weeks now she called her surveyor because it must be so nice to be a surveyor. My surveyor now would just hold me in his arms and hug me close and then kiss me softly on the lips. Kiss me, my honey, kiss me, she crooned, and say you miss me, my honey, do. Irene was surprised to find that when she discovered Betty's surveyor worked in the large dairy on the next block Betty refused to go see for herself. She went on calling him her surveyor just the same. Surely, she insisted, Irene must be mistaken. My surveyor now, said Betty, and Irene said, Well, now, how about Connie Sullivan? He's handsome if he'd shave, and he'd look all right if he dressed decent. Too many ifs, sniffed Betty. My surveyor now don't drink. Yes, Irene admitted, that's the trouble with Connie. If he only didn't. But gee, how he can sing.

The block they lived on was broad all right, but it had no trees. The street was paved with cobblestones, and trolley cars ran down the middle, some to the Ferry below and some turning at the corner with a screech. Massive sombre trucks on monstrous wheels rumbled by. The houses for night watchmen, storekeepers, peddlers, longshoremen, laundrywomen, machinists, streetcleaners, plumbers, looked wobbly and decayed like drunken bums. On the two sides of that one block were nine saloons. Nights when not so many cars and trucks went past, you could hear more clearly the voices of men and women. You goddam bloody bastard, I'll knock the guts out of you. Who the hell you think you are to be shovin me round like this? Take your filthy paws offa me or, by God, Jesus, I'll knock the daylights out of your damned eyes. A drunken man might be hit across the head with an umbrella or a stick by some irate woman. Irene had seen one drunk ferociously dragged out of the Dennis' saloon one Saturday night and knocked down in front of the store, his skull split open and his dark hot blood staining the sidewalk.

How those drunks smelled! But not so thick or sweet as the women, who had a special stink that comes out of a woman who never washes

outside or in. If one of them sat in the backroom of the saloon any length of time and then left, you could feel her stink coming straight out at you from the sticky walls. It was that strong.

In that backroom Minnie Halloran used to sit by the hour with her waist partly open, her skirt lopsided and twisted, her hair straggling in a ratty tangle out of her hat, smelling of stale beer and dried sweat. There were blood clots in Minnie's eyes, big puffs underneath, long blonde hairs on her upper lip. Sometimes a man—but never Connie Sullivan—would walk in to give Minnie a treat, and then she would smile. You forgot her brown jagged teeth then and saw only her eyes glowing and her dimples flickering.

What're you doin with yourself, Minnie, these days? the man would say.

Oh, just keepin goin, keepin goin, as you can see for yourself, George me lad.

How about joinin me in a cup for old times' sake?

I don't mind if I do, she'd say, and then he'd pay for some whiskies for Minnie Halloran. And then Minnie would get up and adjust her waist, make feeble attempts at pushing her ratty hairstrings under her misshapen hat with the dirty daisies, and walk out, somewhat proudly though unevenly, moving her broad backside up and down, up and down, knowing that George was watching her. After awhile George would get up and lurch after her to a room over one of Mike O'Neil's stables on Hancock Street. You could never find Connie Sullivan there.

Not that she didn't fancy Connie. Connie me lad, she had said to him more than once, why don't you come and sit with me awhile?

Minnie, he'd say, I can't.

But why? Tell me that, Connie, why? Ain't I good enough for the likes of you?

Too good, he'd say. Too good for me, Minnie. You're a saint next to the likes of me. You work. And he always shuffled off and away from Minnie Halloran.

Some Sundays Connie would take Irene's place in front of the saloon watching for the cop on the beat. Not that I like being watchdog, he'd say with a grin, but Jesus, you kids ought to get away from this hellhole once in awhile. Sometimes he'd be waiting till they got back. Once he said, Jesus, you girls look happy. I wish to Christ I could look so happy.

Irene would say, sing us a song, Connie.

But Connie always shook his head, Naw, some other day, not now, not here, some other time, some other place.

Irene and Betty used to sit on the shed warm days when the skylight of the saloon was open, and they'd peek down and see the men all listening to Connie tell stories or sing songs.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were dead.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

Irene's heart would pump so hard she'd be afraid she was going to cry in front of Betty. Connie's full voice sprang from his heart, which must be bleeding, she'd think to herself, for him to sing with such sobs in his voice. Gee, how he could sing.

And the stories he could tell of the old country, about leprechauns and banshees, her father's country, and young men fighting for a new Ireland with its own old Gaelic tongue and its own Hibernian dances and its own old flag with the golden harp on it.

Once when she was sitting outside the saloon alone, he came along and started teasing her about wearing the cross around her neck. And you a Jew's daughter, he said.

No, not me. My father was Irish, and they say I look like him. If he'd a lived I'd a been brought up right.

That's what you think, snarled Connie. It was your father stuck your mother in this dirty dump and then up and died. Your mother's not to blame, kid, she's a good woman if she is a Jew, and he was—but never mind me, Irene, I'm a drunken bum. I'm just lettin off steam. But I can tell you this much, he was no true Hibernian.

On days when Connie watched for the cop, the girls would go out to Greenwood Cemetery where Julia Benelli, Betty's sister, was buried. Betty's real name was Elizabeth Benelli, but nobody ever called her Elizabeth. Her mother called her Lizzie, which went through her like a knife. Her father called her Lisabetta, which she liked but wouldn't say she did because she hated him. Then the girls would walk to Prospect Park, all dressed up in tweed suits with belts and box-pleated skirts and gloves. They would walk like two refined ladies, talking in quiet tones, and then Betty would tell Irene the story she had just finished reading and how she felt she was just like the girl in the book, and so would Irene please call her Japonette? It wouldn't harm anybody, would it? Betty was Japonette for a pretty long time. She liked even more to be called Jane Eyre. She always carried a small leather notebook or a dark library book so as to look intelligent. She had a clever way of doing things. For instance, she always managed to have the cover of the library book match her suit or coat. Irene could never understand why she had never finished the 8 B.

Near the park was a place Betty had discovered where you could get a

cherry smash for a nickel If they walked home they could have the cherry smash. Vanilla ice cream soda with crushed cherries and cherry syrup and loads of whipped cream. Over their cherry smashes Irene and Betty would smile in a genteel manner at each other and speak in soft tones. My surveyor now, Betty would say, would love this.

The beersaloon was a filthy place. All the customers were men, standing around, mumbling, drinking, chewing tobacco, and spitting all over the place, the sawdust on the floor forming clumps with their brown spit. They cursed and scratched and twitched and spat endlessly. When Irene came in to ask her mother for some money they'd stop. They'd say, Sh-h, a lady. Only Connie Sullivan was different.

But one night before closing time Connie, who usually entertained the men with songs and tales of how he managed to get money, was put out for making a pest of himself with his griping. Irene's Uncle Richard put him out. Get the hell out of here, you drunken bum, and don't come back till you can behave decent. You ain't got a red cent to spend here and you expect us to give you the goddam stuff for nothin.

Connie was sore. All right, you sheeny, keep your shirt on.

Connie was sore at Richard, sore at everybody, sore at the whole goddam stinkin world. He would get even, and by God he'd get even tonight, so help him Jesus. He walked a few blocks till the cold night air of spring, nipping his nose, made him sniffle. He kept wiping his nose with his sleeve, and he kept getting colder and colder. Finally he came to the block where the Long Island College Hospital was. A respectable block with brownstone houses, not as swell as Columbia Heights, but swell enough for Connie Sullivan. On the lowest step of one of these quiet houses he sat down, hunching forward as if in torment. Then he began to shout, O, Jesus, O, Jesus, won't you do something for me? Jesus, O, Jesus, he yelled, and he hollered till he got hoarse. He sounded mighty sick.

It wasn't long before a gentleman came by who said, Can I help you, my good man? What's troubling you?

Connie made out at first he couldn't hear. He kept shrieking, Jesus, O, Jesus. Look down this once on me.

The man put his hand on Connie's shoulder. Are you in pain? he said gently.

Connie looked up with the eyes of a saint. Pain's not the word for it, sir. It's me tooth.

The man helped him up and took him to the open door of the emergency ward of the hospital.

Just trust yourself to me, my good man, said the gentleman, I'll take care of you.

In the hospital Connie heard a nurse say, Good evening, Dr. Samson, I thought you had finished for the day.

Dr. Samson put Connie in the charge of an interne and a nurse.

Hello, Dr. Kelly, here's a man you can help. As one Irishman for another, you ought to do something for him. Before leaving, he put a dollar bill into Connie's hand.

Told to open his mouth so they could examine his tooth, Connie pretended at first he couldn't (thinking they'd think he had lockjaw), but after awhile he thought better of it, opened his mouth wide as hell, and breathed out on them hard as he could such a hot mixture that both nurse and doctor were stunned. Standing at a distance, the nurse swished some strong antiseptic from a syringe into Connie's mouth, and then the interne said, Come back tomorrow morning. We'll try to do something for you then. Meanwhile this'll help you sleep. And he gave him a few pyramidon tablets.

Then Connie took his biggest chance. Jesus Christ, he cried aloud, you tell me to go home and sleep when I ain't got no home. He began to cry. Lemme stay here.

The nurse looked at the doctor, the doctor looked at the nurse. No, sorry, no provisions for cases like yours, but here's something that may help you. He handed Connie a dollar bill, saying, You're no good this way. Why don't you stop? Brace up. Brace up. Dr. Kelly looked at the wreck the man was, and him hardly thirty. Why don't you stop? You're no good this way. He looked fondly into the warm Irish eyes with the laugh and the cry in them. Brace up, man.

The nurse meanwhile had gone away and come back with several other nurses who, on seeing poor sick Connie, contributed to his fund.

He got three dollars and a half that night, and what did he do then? Why, he carried the banner all the rest of the night, but carried it with pride. All that night he remembered the young red-haired interne's words, You're no good this way. Stop. Brace up. No good this way. No good this way. Stop. Brace up. The deep pity in the interne's eyes made him shiver more than the brisk air. What the hell did he give me the money for? he grumbled to himself. I can't use it. I can't. Four o'clock the next morning when Irene's mother opened her saloon, Connie was waiting, the first one to come that day for his free ball. Top o' the morning to you, Ma Dennis, he said. After his free ball he shuffled off with a brief s'long, and wasn't seen for weeks.

One Sunday he came around in the afternoon. The girls saw him coming all dressed up like Astor's pet horse. Betty nudged Irene. Look who's here.

Irene said, Hello, Connie.

Hello, Irene. Hello, Betty. Say, kids, I got a proposition to make. Look, I got money, and it's burnin a hole in me pocket. How about takin a ride with me? What do you say?

Irene said, Gee, I'd love it. Do you think it's all right? I mean my going away like this?

Sure, said Connie, if your friend'll come along.

All right, I'll go, said Betty. Where'll it be?

Well, said Connie, I was thinkin maybe it'd be nice if you'd take me where you go those Sundays I sit here for you.

That'd be grand, said Irene.

They loved the idea of not having to pay for their cherry smashes and not having to walk for them. They watched him swallow two glasses of cold water before pulling the long spoon out of the creamy concoction. He eyed it like a suspicious sparrow, and then stuck the spoon in his mouth. The cold whipped cream soothed him. He dug his spoon in again and again, but he couldn't finish the thing. It's too much like heaven, he said, with a grin, and I'm not fit like you kids.

Now you've shown me your good time, I'll show you mine. What do you say?

We should worry, they said with a giggle.

For awhile they were disappointed because they were definitely heading for home again. But when they got to their corner Connie made them stay on the car till they reached the Ferry below. They went across to the Battery, and then where did he take them but to the Staten Island ferry boat. So much riding the girls had never had in all their lives. The water leaping up to the sides of the boat and swishing around the huge ferry wheels. The seagulls dipping into the water and rising up to the sky. The bits of cloud. The sun coming out every so often. The boat whistles. The people. Such a lot of people. And all so refined.

They didn't feel out of place. They forgot to feel ashamed of Connie. They were listening to him tell stories of how he used to think he'd be a priest and then he got to reading and to thinking, and then he couldn't stand the gaff any more.

Sing us a song, Irene whispered. You said you would some time.

He sang to them when they got off at Staten Island and away from the crowds. A choir boy's voice. Jesus, O, Jesus, he sang, forgive us our sins, kind Jesus. Irene and Betty forgot the time. They felt warm all over.

I'll race you, he said, and they started to run through the unfamiliar roads, the girls obliged to follow him. They stopped when they were out of breath and sat down on some stones by the side of the road. Connie sang again. The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls, and then Ave Maria, and then The Last Rose of Summer. And Irene and Betty felt like crying. The impish face of Connie crinkled into quiet smiles. Aw, come on, kids, cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

Sing us a funny song, said Betty.

Connie said, To tell the God's honest truth, I don't know any.

Sing us another song, said Irene, and he sang Lead, Kindly Light.

The two girls felt sad and happy, warm and cold, lonely and together. In the unfamiliar country quiet of Staten Island, Connie's voice sounded

to them like some angel's voice, far away and holy. His eyes were glowing like street lamps at night.

Of a sudden Connie said, I see a star. Let's make a wish. I see the first star, the first star sees me, God bless the first star, God bless me. Then he said, Look, girls, you made me happy today, and I want to give you a present. They ran and ran to catch the boat. They were out of breath and bursting with warm laughter when they got on. This was adventure. After they were on the boat, he gave each of them a shiny half-dollar. Here's to you. Now I'm going to see the captain. He's an old friend of mine. Excuse me if I don't stay with you. I'll be back.

We should worry, said the girls with a giggle.

My surveyor now, said Betty, would never a left us alone like this. Irene said nothing. She felt Connie's full voice still singing inside her.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart, indignant, breaks,
To show that still she lives!

Now there weren't so many people. But there were more stars. The white caps of the water swished against their boat. My surveyor now, said Betty, would a put his arms around us when we were running, or anyway he'd a kissed us goodbye.

Connie is good, said Irene.

The air smelled different from any air they had ever smelled before. Cold and salty. They began to feel cold. And they took deep, deep breaths of the air. And suddenly Irene smelled not cold saltiness but the stale sour smell of home. And there was Connie beside her, soused as a herring, and messy.

My surveyor now don't drink, said Betty.

Yes, Irene whispered, that's the trouble with Connie. But gee, how he can sing.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT:
The Foolish, Passionate Man

JOHN MASEFIELD: *Some Memories of W. B. Yeats.* The Macmillan Company.
Scattering Branches. Tributes to the Memory of W. B. Yeats, edited by Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Company.
LOUIS MACNEICE: *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats.* Oxford University Press.
Letters on Poetry, from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. Oxford University Press.

I am a very ignorant man: almost a poet.
—George Santayana

Common observation suggests that when an old man retains a great liveliness of mind or body, or both, he seems in some ways childlike. Depending upon the observer's point of view and the particular manifestations of youthfulness, this will or will not be a pleasant thing to behold. In any event, it is likely to become the fact. And when, as with Yeats, you have not merely this ancient liveliness but also those attributes of the poetic mind which at any time of life tend to be childlike compared to the norm, you have a still more specialized and therefore more subtle case.

I speak seriously and, I believe, not sentimentally. I think one can avoid the attitude of protective ladies toward the Poet while acknowledging that though poetry at its richest demands an excess of maturity it also demands a perpetual sense of wonder—therefore, of newness, and therefore of the childlike perception. This will of course be reflected in the man himself. In the weakly talented it may be mere childishness; and in the aging it is likely to be overcome, when the poetry dies with it.

In Yeats, as rarely, it persisted—made yet more complex by his particular conception of the poet as the enemy of science and the high priest of art in an age when, more and more, art tended to serve street causes and science to command them all. "But now, looking back over the whole, it is the dignity of his life that I would praise," says Stephen Gwynn. "He was a dedicated person." And in his dedication was not only blind integrity—Yeats had that—but a certain air. Louis MacNeice believes that in some daily matters Yeats was a poseur; reminiscent friends incline to say Yeats projected a role. No matter now: one feels the effect of a man who was a great artist and also a highly conscious artist whose pride and pleasure, quite as much as his earnestness, lighted or shaded the man himself.

Masefield responded to this air when he first went to Yeats' room at 18 Woburn Buildings, London, on a November night in 1900. The most beautiful room in London, Masefield calls it, and speaks of how Yeats later set there "a big dark blue lectern . . . between enormous candles in big blue wooden sconces . . . He added curtains to match it." The talk that night between the 35-year-old Irishman and the younger Englishman was of *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*, and Dowson and A.E.; Lady Gregory dropped in and read something by Lionel Johnson. In yet another thirty-five years, the talk would still be of Irish poetry, but also of verse broadsides in Dublin and verse broadcasting in London, and of the Communist poets; and now it was not Coole but Lady Gerald Wellesley's Penns in the Rocks greathouse in England where he found peace and liveliness together.

"We all agree," Dorothy Wellesley noted during the summer of 1938 when Yeats was among several friends at her home, "that his sudden criticism of objects observed is both disconcerting and humiliating to us. He being a little deaf and not a little blind, we do not know where the great poet will pounce next time. But we do know that he will pounce on our weakest or stupidest spots, hence the slight awe and diffidence of us all when in his presence." She speaks, too, in notes accompanying Yeats' letters, of his distinguished appearance; and "his personality," she testifies, "was almost overwhelming."

However she may have admired it, Yeats' personality was not overwhelming to Maud Gonne; (rather, when one considers her domination of his love poetry from the early twilight lyrics to the austere but emotion-wrought recollections of the late years, the game for once seems to have been the other way about). Her chapter in *Scattering Branches*, to which she is one of the nine contributors, is of course of enormous and permanent value. Neither altogether explicit nor reticent, beautifully written, it tells of their Irish aspirations and of their youthful discipleship to the rebel John O'Leary. (And how she reveals herself in the aside on O'Leary: "Theoretically he would have freed Ireland by the sword—and he objected to dynamite!") And it was she who turned naturally to action and men of action, Yeats who inevitably turned away "in the cold snows of a dream."

To Maud Gonne there is "outer peace and inner confusion discernible in his later work," and she equates this with that split in Yeats between dream and action. To C. Day Lewis, in another chapter, "the development of his verse from 1920 onwards shows that the aristocratic tradition, because the social organization on which it depended had broken up, now failed—perhaps had failed all along—to give him a 'moral subject.'" The actual Irish rebellion, Day Lewis surmises, revealed "the real gulf between the Anglo-Irish gentry and the Irish common people, bridged for so long by 'custom and ceremony.'" There followed then in his poetry that rage against the loss of "grandeur" and that remembrance of things past, his earlier times and friends, "All the Olympians."

This was in keeping. After all, L. A. G. Strong's analysis is right,

whatever history does with his judgment, when he concludes his chapter, "He was the greatest poet of his time because he was the most ruthless, the artist who gave everything to his art." (In one of the Wellesley letters, Yeats quotes his wife as using that word "ruthless" for him.) All was subordinate to the creation of poetry: deliverance of Ireland, personal relations, or even such a department of art itself as the theater. When he retreated it was on his own terms and everything was fitted—as even a fantastic system of astronomical and human phases, and historical cycles; so, when his dream of a poetic drama failed against the times, there followed the emulation of the Noh drama for the select audience in the drawingroom.

Of his drama, Lennox Robinson contributes a spirited defense but one which, for all its praise of Yeats' stage technic, rests most firmly on passages whose power is really that of great diction rather than of dramatic revelation; "charades" is MacNeice's word for the plays, though he instances their occasional imaginative splendor.

MacNeice's book, loosely phrased here and there, is altogether a thorough-going study of the background, causes, and ultimate attainments (*The Tower* and *The Winding Stair*) of Yeats' poetry. To MacNeice, Yeats was saved by Ireland; his juvenile verse is his English verse, and the later impact of his own country (and Synge's work) began the weaving into tougher fibres of the thin chords of the aesthetic 1890's. Till at last the flexibility of Yeats' language seemed capable of any accommodation; past and present, desire and despair, bawdry and intellectual play—whatever—were lively and related in the "zest" of his accent.

The great value of Lady Wellesley's collection is its direct presentation of Yeats in his last years viewing his contemporaries and working and reworking his own randy songs and cold lyrics. There are in the letters between them those bare reflections of human character which, since these two regard themselves as people of a very special class, are sometimes disarming and sometimes amusing. (On one occasion when both were ill and both writing about it but neither paying much attention to the other's suffering, the record becomes funny.) But with Yeats, at least, art was always to be served; and that saved him. He had a mind, as MacNeice asserts. "I have met," MacNeice says, "people whose attitude is: 'Yeats was a silly old thing but he was a *poet*.' This is a foolish attitude. No silly old thing can write fine poetry."

Everything became myth in that poetry: invented symbols no less than Celtic legends, and even at last Yeats' own friends and contemporaries; even, somehow, himself.

> He who sings a lasting song
> Thinks in a marrow bone . . . .
> I pray—for fashion's word is out
> And prayer comes round again—
> That I may seem, though I die old,
> A foolish, passionate man.

It was not only an achieved great style—it was an attitude toward life, and the two flowed into one. I don't know which came first but, as with a child's inventions, this creation deeply involved the narrator in the wonder of it all; an immersion in art that, however revised by the exigencies of time and change, attained a pattern and became a world. Yeats lived there: as the raven-haired pale young man between the mammoth blue sconces at the blue lectern, as the man of middle age trying for the last time on a beach in France in 1916 to draw Maud Gonne from *her* reality into his, and as the ruddy, white-haired oldster greeting Dorothy Wellesley in the corridor of her greathouse with his customary upraised gesture of the hand "which seems a compromise between that of Mussolini and the Pope." For an adult, it was an extraordinary and spectacular triumph.

OTHER RECENT BOOKS:

JOHN PEALE BISHOP. *Selected Poems.* Scribners, $2.

Let us, after the accepted pattern when the idea is to write approvingly in general, clear some objections out of the way first. One — it is an objection only if Bishop is compared with the very finest poets — relates to style. Bishop's is a good style, as musical as it should be, and richly ornamented but nearly always structurally ornamented. It is "distinguished," in the common, loosely commendatory sense. But it is not very distinguishable. That is, reading it, one does not immediately recognize it as the style of Bishop or a conscious imitator; and in that respect Bishop does not compare favorably, I suppose, with a Stevens or a Marianne Moore. Another objection — on this there are no limitations — relates to the sequence of these *Selected Poems.* The seventy poems of the book are placed in eight sections, including one of translations; and if a criterion of selection seems to show and justify itself in one section, it vanishes wholly in the next. Poems that are little beyond imagistic exercises, or not too brilliant epigrams, turn up in file with the most thoughtful and generally weighty poems in the book. The value of the arrangement seems to be chiefly a nuisance value.

After this, a corrective: Bishop is a very good poet; where his superiors may be named by individuals among recognized contemporary writers, his inferiors may be named by dozens or scores. He is intelligent, and actual intelligence in poetry is both too infrequently seen and too little honored. His style, distinguishable or not, is a fine instrument. His eye is good for objects, for physical details, for the sensory in general; thus his poetry is reassuringly solid in substance. He has a strong sense of form, wavering, perhaps, but very valuable.

"The ceremony must be found," he writes in "Speaking of Poetry," "That will wed Desdemona to the huge Moor." He is in the familiar pursuit of integration, unification, this time of the mental and physical, or spiritual and animal. I am not quite certain whether he is talking about saving the world or about the technique of constructing poetry. Taken in the second sense the declaration is more practical; and in that second sense his pursuit (or presumably the pursuit is responsible) has served him well. Though he is attentive to many types of subject matter — rather too many to produce the most solid effect through any one of them — his poems are generally thoughtful, and very seldom thoughtful without being concrete, having considerable sensory value. That often-mentioned dichotomy between the literature that is earthy, gusty, feelingful, yet sloppy; and that which is intellectual and precise, yet attenuated and rarefied — though it is a preciously difficult thing to pin down and illustrate with respectable precision — is pretty well bridged in Bishop's work.

Among his best poems are those, less specific than allegory, more direct, coherent, and translatable than what we usually mean when we speak of symbolism, in which he writes of an uncertainly Roman, decadent civilization, and apparently intends to warn any other civilization which may share the shortcomings and vices of Rome. As that statement implies, he views humanity as coherent: the past is alive in the present, so that what has been once may be again; and humanity is responsible for its collective, as well as for its individual, actions.

W. R. Moses

SYDNEY ALEXANDER: *The Man on the Queue.* James A. Decker.
LINCOLN FITZELL: *In Plato's Garden.* Alan Swallow.
ROBERT FRIEND: *Shadow on the Sun.* James A. Decker.
CLARK MILLS: *The Migrants.* James A. Decker.
ELDER OLSON: *The Cock of Heaven.* The Macmillan Company.
FREDERIC PROKOSCH: *Death at Sea.* Harpers.
KENNETH REXROTH: *In What Hour.* The Macmillan Company.
HARRY ROSKOLENKO: *I Went to the Country.* James A. Decker.

A decade ago mediocrity asserted itself in the form of the brief lyric. Those unwilling to accept the rigors and small rewards of making poetry their profession devoted themselves to more lucrative activity. They issued slender volumes, the saving grace of which was their unpretentiousness. The little poems were bad but short.

Today mediocrity has taken a more formidable shape, either because the poetic amateurs have more time on their hands or research in vitamin B is yielding results. At any rate, an increase in the publication of such books as Sydney Alexander's *The Man on the Queue* is noticeable. It is a heavy volume however you look at it. Aside from a great number of dull poems, it contains two verse dramas for radio, which, we are told, were broadcast over a New York station. From what the reviewer knows of the taste of those who direct the nation's radio drama, this is not surprising. What is surprising, as well as alarming, is the fact that one of our more famous anthologists contributes a genial, if confusing introduction. With its apple-green cover, the book resembles a spring seed catalogue.

Coming after *The Man on the Queue,* the qualities of Clark Mills' poetry, which are restraint and technical precision, might easily be overemphasized. *The Migrants,* made up of twelve lyric sections, is refined without being precious. Mr. Mills, like Prokosch, to whom he is demonstrably indebted, ruminates on the walls of Jericho, but his disillusionment stops short of despair because of his Unanimistic belief (as Jules Romains points out in his introduction): "A kind of pledge to the modern world, somewhat similar to those exchanged in love, 'Whatever happens, whatever you do, I shall not leave you.'" Of the new poets appearing in the forties, he is undoubtedly one of the most gifted.

Robert Friend's poetry is something like the writing of a neurasthenic. In the midst of love-making, or perhaps more accurately after the act, "behind drawn blinds," he performs self-flagellation as he recounts the evils of his time, war and poverty. Much of it is like a monologue delivered to the analyst: "We believe it is our guilt (drowned in our kisses)/undermines breakwaters and shuts out history . . . Whom did we think to outwit with our lights / and music, the melodrama of our ingrown delights?" This experience is common enough today to be understood and appreciated. His poetry is most moving when most self-revelatory; least reminiscent of Crane, Spender, and his young fellow poets when most direct. His talent, though fugitive, is not a small one.

Harry Roskolenko's *I Went to the Country* shows an advance over his earlier work. Always attracted towards surrealism, he now pulls the stops. He feels, apparently, that the poetic mind is not capable of outdistancing the horrors of the hour or the crimes of reality, and in a sensational, though admittedly authentic "Statement" he says: "Now is the time of death. Now tears. Now shouting. Now madness." Those who are able to build verses from this belief, should by all means. It would seem that a certain victory, though a literary one, might be gained by so doing.

Kenneth Rexroth, fighting a not dissimilar battle, attributes autonomy (in the zoological sense), as well as the powers of regeneration, to society; but this, one feels, is the poet's personal belief. The conviction strong enough to make us believe, the authoritative statement that once belonged to Spender and Brecht, is lacking. Such a poem, however, as "Ice Shall Cover Nineveh" may be cited as an achievement of special range and idiom—as may also the "Songs for Marie's Lutebook," anachronistic and tender among all the "heavies." The quiet "pedestrian" poems (as Malcolm Cowley once termed them), with their austere Sierran geography, will not fail to attract the hardier enthusiasts of nature, if there are any left.

One respects the admiration Lincoln Fitzell affirms (on the jacket of his book) for his friend Robert Penn Warren. Unfortunately I can see nothing in these poems that would lead me to believe Mr. Warren acted as a primary influence in their origin. If Rexroth appears at a disadvantage when collected, because of his varying treatment—Fitzell, on the contrary, suffers from his singleness of approach. The uniform quatrains, pleasant, durable for four or five stanzas, seem to be provoked by any and all slight stimuli. He gives the impression his manifold inspiration is infinite, but one comes to be grateful it is not.

There has been lately a good deal of random speculation about a revival of religious and metaphysical verse. One awaits the rumored manifesto of the irrepressible Eugene Jolas. Certain works published during the last year give credence to the prediction. *Weep and Prepare,* Raymond E. F. Larsson's devout and ritualistic poetry, and Marya Zaturenska's *The Listening*

Landscape are notable examples. Elder Olson's *The Cock of Heaven* further illustrates the tendency. Those who remember Mr. Olson for his previous modest volume of lyrics may be surprised at the new extension of his talent. The poem takes strength from his conviction, mystic, even fervent, of a developing piety in a damaged world. His sincerity is apparent. This book-length poem is an elaborately conceived and carefully developed piece of work, deserving more attention than given here.

This season it seems unpopular to like Frederic Prokosch. The passion for praising (and over-praising) only those poets who are represented by first books—to the disparagement of all those who continue to write against time—is, critically speaking, *de rigeur*. It was nearly the unanimous opinion of reviewers that Prokosch wrote "brilliantly" when *The Assassins* appeared. Now *Death at Sea* is called "awkward and prosaic," and less talented poets gain notoriety by attacking him. There are probably as many estimable poems in this new volume as in his former books, but the reviewers are tired of playing nice and have decided to be naughty. Hardly anything about Prokosch pleases them. For my part, I am willing to be impressed again. There is evidence, true, of borrowings, of repetitions of mood and attitude; but in the hothouse of modern poetry, cross-fertilization and inbreeding of the sort is everywhere only too obvious, and Prokosch need not be singled out for special censure.

His virtuoso lyricism, his immense and accomplished casualness, the pyrotechnic show of color and landscape, cannot be touched by any of his young American contemporaries. Lush, romantic, baroque, he stands somewhat apart from all those who continue to sell old Eliots at bargain rates. A half a dozen splendid poems by Mr. Prokosch, as good as any he has done, are no mean bargain at any time. This book contains them.

Willard Maas

E. E. CUMMINGS: *50 Poems.* Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

We are often told by some fancy critics who use the language of psychologism that Baudelaire was a Christian poet because he had a profound insight into the nature of evil. This may be true, but it is also true if we use the more meaningful language of common sense and intellectual objectivity that Baudelaire did relish evil. The celebrants of the Black Mass, for all that psychology may have to say about them, were positive worshipers of Satan. Similarly we may say of Mr. Cummings that he worships affected naïveté, irresponsibility, and baby talk.

This does not dispose of Mr. Cummings at all. *Tulips & Chimneys* is a very good book of poetry, and he owes all of his reputation to it. Since then he has never repeated the performance, though his language still remains bold, fresh, and interesting:

> you who could grin three smiles into a dead
> house clutch between eyes emptiness toss one
> at nobody . . .
>
> * *
>
> hate blows a bubble of despair into
> hugeness world system universe and bang
> —fear buries a tomorrow under woe
> and up comes yesterday most green and young

The failure of Mr. Cummings' method is similar to that of Hart Crane's: the lack of a coherent subject or a clearly perceived state of affairs. Take, for instance, the most promising poem in this book—beginning "My father moved through dooms of love"—, which fails because the poet does not apprehend and localize his subject, does not portray it. He merely forms it out of his language. This is the emotive use of language. When, however, one portrays a subject as Eliot does in "Portrait of a Lady," it is the imaginative depiction of emotional fact, which requires a greater degree of imaginative integrity, an ability to portray a Roosevelt or Churchill with as much impartiality as a Hitler or Stalin. This is the most difficult task for the poet, and the highest. To use language emotively is to use it diffusively, privately; and to succeed in such a private direction requires at least an observance of formal patterns, for the main form, the subject, never has objective existence. Perhaps the formal patterns in *Tulips & Chimneys* are what make it more successful than any other book of poetry Cummings has written; without them and without the greater form of a clearly apprehended subject there is really nothing left but impudence and an occasional clean line.

What Cummings does with his words is simply this: he forces them to create a situation that has little relation to evidenced or imagined reality. The arrangement of these words is dependent on his own will, on a personal sense of the inner unity and quality such a combination of words invokes. In short, the emotions are self-generated, without either objective sanction or imaginative sanction.

J. V. Healy

SELDEN RODMAN: *The Airmen.* Random House.

Turn from the small lyrical red print of page 131 with its *love, sinner's life, wings,* and *Daedalus* to the photograph of Wilbur Wright on the next page, and the fact will appear that this isn't all one book. It's a finely printed, illustrated biographical history on the one hand, and it is several sorts of poem on the other, ponderous in framework and in abstract lyric, yet often pleasantly near to ballad and sometimes intense and expert in the material of human invention, though less so in human flight. The sort I like best in it is the straight narrative line on men's study of birds in air, as the narrative begins with Daedalus,

> In Crete, when day broke over the beaches, father and son
> Stood by the water, watching the gulls rise.
> —Take-off and climb, steep turn and bevelled plunge

and as it carries on in modern experiment,

> You have seen the motionless buzzards rise; you have seen hawks
> spiral through a flock;
> You have seen the piratical falcon in his stationary eyrie—
> The slightest motion at the wingtips inclined compensates for
> the wind's shock.

The much more in Mr. Rodman's book includes, in varied line patterns, a thorough look at the life and moods of Da Vinci, views over the shoulder at the experiments of many others, an admiring humorous following of the work of the Wright brothers, an altitudinous finale for de Bosis, photographs of sky and wings, two colors of print, and a sustaining theme concerning the spirit of man which orders all these. The book in terms of subject matter and Mr. Rodman's interest makes a whole right enough.

The fact nevertheless remains to provide a difficulty, I think: that Wilbur Wright standing there with his feet on the ground, with his cap on, looking at something, never appears in the words of the poem like that. The words thin the man out into another realm. What does this fine solid picture do here then? Remind poetry of its utter trippingness on the tongue? Fortify an ideal with a visually alien substance? These questions about the photograph are about the make-up of the book, and perhaps, in part, about the poem too.

Josephine Miles

A. M. KLEIN: *Hath Not a Jew.* Behrman's Jewish Book House, N. Y.

Although this is the first published volume of Abraham M. Klein, a young Canadian attorney, he has been one of the biggest guns in the concerted attack upon the dilute, post-Victorian lyricism that was, until the 1930's, the standard poetic fare in the Dominion. He belongs to the so-called "Montreal group," which has led the successful fight—four of the nine poets treated in W. E. Collins' *The White Savannahs* (1936), the only considerable critical work devoted to the present in Canadian poetry, are of this group, and two others represent the same tendency. Nine-tenths of the verse in the Canadian number of *Poetry* (April, 1941) is, in this sense, "modernist." All the new Canadian poets—A. M. Klein, A. J. M. Smith, E. J. Pratt, F. R. Scott, Leo Kennedy, Robert Finch—are learned and witty. All have exposed themselves to the same literary and intellectual currents that have stirred up English and American poetry in the past few years.

Klein's principal claim to attention is his originality. Extremely learned in English literature, he is learned also in the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Chassidic tradition, the folklore of the ghetto, and the ways of the American urban Jewry. He handles this abundance of new material in a variety of ways that everyone schooled in English and American literary traditions will recognize and respond to. Echoes of Keats, Byron, Chaucer, Elizabethan song, Provencal lyric, Border ballad, T. S. Eliot, and Emily Dickinson are woven somewhat surprisingly but deftly into poems dealing with ghetto life and fantasy, Jewish village life, tales of rabbis and holy men, and character sketches of

> That consummate apocalyptic liar,
> Bar Huna, more mendacious than a friar;
> Uncouth Akiva; cobbler Jochanan;
> Achair who quoted Greek; that witty man
> Yitschok who most hilariously conjectured
> What Adam wrought alone before God lectured;
> And Abba Saul, plying his adamant trade
> Murmuring jests at each throw of the spade.

One unfamiliar with the traditions and backgrounds cannot hope to judge how representative and authentic his treatment of them is. But there can be no doubt that it produces highly original results, sometimes startling, often ironic, often robustly humorous, and, despite occasional misfires, always interesting:

Judith had heard a troubadour
Lauding the parfait knightly spirit,
Singing beneath the ivied wall.
The cross-marked varlet Judith wrestled
Was not like these at all, at all . . .
("Design for a Medieval Tapestry")

One gets tired of hearing poets referred to as "new voices." But it appears to me we have something of the kind here.

S. I. Hayakawa

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY: *Make Bright the Arrows.* Harpers.
MARYA ZATURENSKA: *The Listening Landscape.* The Macmillan Company.

What the poet should try in a world at war, Miss Millay implies, is to illuminate with a deep concern and a passionate urgency the conviction that America must act at once to save democracy. In her own attempt, she states a relatively simple position in two dozen poems that combine fruitlessly the archaisms of verse with the platitudes of intervention and preparedness. "The bowman feared need never fight," she says in the title poem, though (later) he can hardly be deaf to the "shrieking plea for help, of stabbed Democracy." She prays that God "let not the lovely brow of Freedom in the trampled mud grow cold," taking a picture directly from the nobler work of some newspaper cartoonist. A dismal ballade asks, "President, why the lack of zest?"; a medieval sacred mystery allegorizes the menace of Hitler as a crooked cross; but neither poem is likely to fire America to redouble its war effort. None of the poems is really moving, none—save one or two of the careful sonnets—is really competent. And the shocked sadness behind this book, rather than impelling the poems to life, merely embarrasses the reader who remembers an abler Millay. One probably cannot talk about a war of planes and tanks and submarines in terms of arrows and shields and Mothers Superior, and if poets like Miss Millay who can speak out of a mind that's made up are unable to write more relevantly than those who are confused and uncertain, they might better remain silent.

Miss Zaturenska prefers the risk of trivality to the role of Joan of Arc: though her new book refers significantly to the war, her listening landscape is mostly peaceful. The trouble with these musical lyrics is not their idyllic remoteness from blood and sweat, not even their occasionally hackneyed imagery, and certainly not their references to earlier nature poets and to classical myth. The real fault is a floral-shop kind of prettiness that comes from cultivating in verse too many oleanders, magnolias, china asters, bluebells—all the blossoms of "earth's flowering breast,"—and from scattering about too many shining garlands, among which little children play. To her subjects the poet brings a hint of hothouse lushness and a slight pretentiousness that makes the reader uneasy. But at least this book is a meticulous arrangement of careful poems that will cause neither poet nor reader the embarrassment that awaits everybody in *Make Bright the Arrows.*

Kenneth Andrews

M. C. BRADBROOK AND M. G. LLOYD THOMAS: *Andrew Marvell.* Macmillan (Cambridge).

This brief volume is not concerned with Marvell's relationship to modern poets; it attempts simply to give the ascertainable facts of his life, to analyze his poetry, and to make readily available some account of his pamphleteering career. In two of their objects the authors succeed fairly well; the doctoral candidate need look no further for a sketch of Marvell's life or a neat statement (with three appendices) of the scholarly problems involved, and all but the specialist will be spared the labor of reading *The Rehearsal Transpros'd* and the lesser pamphlets. But the discussion of the poetry is not worth reading. The few interesting critical observations are lost in more than sixty pages of ill-thought analyses whose chief value is that they send the reader back to the poetry to be sure that Marvell himself makes sense. The discussions of "To His Coy Mistress" and "The Definition of Love" will serve as examples of dreary obfuscation, where not even the reference of pronouns is clear.

Unfortunately, also, the jacket of the book repeats the promise of the preface that Marvell's language will be examined with the "larger questions of the social and cultural habits of his time." However loosely these "habits" are defined, the man who expects the promise to be fulfilled will consider himself cheated. Chapters I, IV, and V will interest anyone who wants a little more information about the poet, but they might better have been condensed and published in a pamphlet to be slipped inside the cover of Margoliouth's edition of the Poems and Letters. And with paper so scarce in England, too.

Stephen F. Fogle